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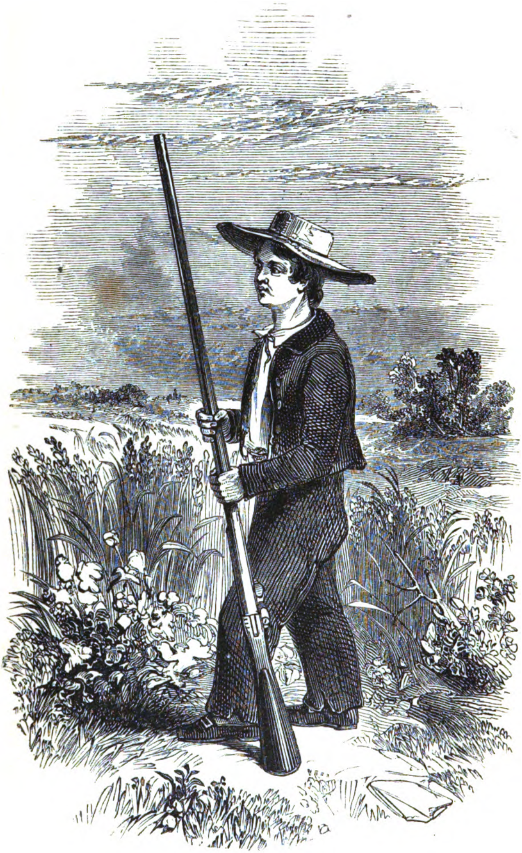

JOHN. *Vol. I.*

THE

SETTLERS IN CANADA.

WRITTEN FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PATERNOSTER ROW.
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THE SETTLERS.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the year 1794, that an English family went out to settle in Canada. This province had been surrendered to us by the French, who first colonized it, more than thirty years previous to the year I have mentioned. It must, however, be recollected, that to emigrate and settle in Canada was, at that time, a very different affair to what it is now. The difficulty of transport, and the dangers incurred, were much greater, for there were no steam-boats to stem the currents and the rapids of the rivers; the Indians were still residing in Upper and many portions of Lower Canada, and the country was infested with wild animals of every description—some useful, but many dangerous: moreover, the Europeans were fewer in number, and the major portion of them were French, who were not pleased at the country having been conquered by the English. It is true that a great many English settlers had arrived, and had settled upon different farms; but as the French settlers had already possession of all the best land in Lower Canada, these new settlers were obliged to go into or towards Upper Canada, where, although the land was better, the distance from Quebec and Montreal, and other populous parts, was much greater, and they were left almost wholly to their own resources, and almost without protection. I mention all this, because things are so very different at present: and now I shall state the cause which induced this family to leave their home, and run the risks and dangers which they did.

Mr. Campbell was of a good parentage, but, being the son of one of the younger branches of the family, his father was not rich, and Mr. Campbell was, of course, brought up to a profession. Mr. Campbell chose that of a surgeon; and after having walked the hospitals (as it is termed), he set up in business, and in a few years was considered as a very able man in his profession. His practice increased very fast; and before he was thirty years of age he married.

Mr. Campbell had an only sister, who resided with him, for their father and mother were both dead. But about five years after his own marriage, a young gentleman paid his addresses to her; and, although not rich, as his character was unexceptionable, and his prospects good, he was accepted. Miss Campbell changed her name to Percival, and left her brother's house to follow her husband.

Time passed quickly; and, at the end of ten years, Mr. Campbell found himself with a flourishing business, and at the same time with a family to support, his wife having presented him with four boys, of whom the youngest was but a few months old.

But, although prosperous in his own affairs, one heavy misfortune fell upon Mr. Campbell, which was the loss of his sister, Mrs. Percival, to whom he was most sincerely attached. Her loss was attended with circumstances which rendered it more painful, as, previous to her decease, the house of business in which Mr. Percival was a partner failed; and the incessant toil and anxiety which Mr. Percival underwent, brought on a violent fever, which ended in his death. In this state of distress, left a widow with one child of two years old —a little girl—and with the expectation of being shortly again confined, Mrs. Percival was brought to her brother's house, who, with his wife, did all he could to soften down her grief; but she had suffered so much by the loss of her husband, that, when the period arrived, her strength was gone, and she died in giving birth to a second daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, of course, took charge of these two little orphan girls, and brought them up with their own children.

Such was the state of affairs about ten or eleven years after Mr. Campbell's marriage, when a circumstance occurred as unexpected as it was welcome.

Mr. Campbell had returned from his round of professional visits; dinner was over, and he was sitting at the table with his wife and elder children (for it was the Christmas holidays, and they were all at home), and the bell had just been rung for the nurse to bring down the two little girls, and the youngest boy, when the postman rapped at the door, and the parlour-maid brought in a letter with a large black seal. Mr. Campbell opened it, and read as follows:—

Sir,—We have great pleasure in making known to you, that upon the demise of Mr. Sholto Campbell of Wexton Hall, Cumberland, which took place on the 19th ultimo, the entailed estates, in default of more direct issue, have fallen to you, as nearest of kin; the presumptive heir having perished at sea, or in the East Indies, and not having been heard of for twenty-five years. We beg to be the first to congratulate you upon your accession to real property, amounting to £14,000 per annum. No will has been found, and it has been ascertained that none was ever made by the late Mr. Sholto Campbell. We have, therefore, put seals upon the personal property, and shall wait your pleasure. We can only add, that if in want of professional advice, and not being already engaged, you may command the services of

Your most obedient,
Harvey, Paxton, Thorpe, & Co.

"What can be the matter, my dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell, who had perceived most unusual agitation in her husband's countenance.

Mr. Campbell made no reply, but handed the letter to his wife.

Mrs. Campbell read it, and laid it down on the table.

"Well, my dear!" exclaimed Mr. Campbell, joyfully, and starting up from his chair.

"It is a sudden shock, indeed," observed Mrs. Campbell, thoughtfully and slowly. "I have often felt that we could bear up against any adversity. I trust in God, that we may be as well able to support prosperity, by far the hardest task, my dear Campbell, of the two."

"You are right, Emily," replied Mr. Campbell, sitting down again; "we are, and have long been, happy."

"This sudden wealth cannot add to our happiness, my dear husband, I feel it will rather add to our cares; but it may enable us to add to the happiness of others; and with such feelings, let us receive it with thankfulness."

"Very true, Emily; but still we must do our duty in that station of life to which it has pleased God to call us. Hitherto I have by my profession been of some benefit to my fellow-creatures; and if in my change of condition I no more leave my warm bed to relieve their sufferings, at all events, I shall have the means of employing others so to do. We must consider ourselves but as the stewards of Him who has bestowed this great wealth upon us, and employ it as may be acceptable to His service."

"There my husband spoke as I felt he would," said Mrs. Campbell, rising up, and embracing him. "Those who feel as you do can never be too rich."

I must not dwell too long upon this portion of my narrative. I shall therefore observe that Mr. Campbell took possession of Wexton Hall, and lived in a style corresponding to his increased fortune; but, at the same time, he never let pass an opportunity of doing good, and in this task he was ably assisted by his wife. They had not resided there three or four years before they were considered as a blessing to all around them—encouraging industry, assisting the unfortunate, relieving the indigent, building alms-houses and schools, and doing all in their power to promote the welfare and add to the happiness of those within many miles of the Hall. At the time that Mr. Campbell took possession, the estate had been much neglected, and required large sums to be laid out upon it, which would much increase its value.

Thus all the large income of Mr. Campbell was usefully and advantageously employed. The change in Mr. Campbell's fortune had also much changed the prospects of his children. Henry, the eldest, who had been intended for his father's profession, was first sent to a private tutor, and afterwards to college. Alfred, the second boy, had chosen the Navy for his profession, and had embarked on board a fine frigate. The other two boys, one named Percival, who was more than two years old at the time that they took possession of the property, and the other, John, who had been born only a few months, remained at home, receiving tuition from a young curate, who lived near the Hall; while a governess had been procured for Mary and Emma Percival, who were growing up very handsome and intelligent girls.

Such was the state of affairs at the time when Mr. Campbell had been about ten years in possession of the Wexton estate, when one day he was called upon by Mr. Harvey, the head of the firm which had announced to him his succession to the property.

Mr. Harvey came to inform him that a claimant had appeared, and given notice of his intent to file a bill in Chancery to recover the estate, being, as he asserted, the son of the person who had been considered as the presumptive heir, and who had perished so many years back. Mr. Harvey observed, that although he thought it his duty to make the circumstance known to Mr. Campbell, he considered it as a matter of no consequence, and in all probability would turn out to be a fraud got up by some petty attorney, with a view to a compromise. He requested Mr. Campbell not to allow the circumstance to give him any annoyance, stating that if more was heard of it, Mr. Campbell should be immediately informed. Satisfied with the opinion of Mr. Harvey, Mr. Campbell dismissed the circumstance from his mind, and did not even mention it to his wife.

But three months had not passed away before Mr. Campbell received a letter from his solicitor, in which he informed him that the claim to the estate was carrying on with great vigour, and, he was sorry to add, wore (to use his own term) a very ugly appearance; and that the opposite parties would, at all events, put Mr. Campbell to very considerable expense. The solicitor requested Mr. Campbell's instructions, again asserting, that although it was artfully got up, he considered that it was a fraudulent attempt. Mr. Campbell returned an answer, in which he authorized his solicitor to take every needful precaution, and to incur all necessary expense. On reflection, Mr. Campbell, although much annoyed, determined not to make Mrs. Campbell acquainted with what was going on; it could only distress her, he thought, and he therefore resolved for the present to leave her in ignorance.

CHAPTER II.

After a delay of some months, Mr. Harvey called upon Mr. Campbell, and stated to him that the claim of the opposite party, so far from being fraudulent as he had supposed, was so clear, that he feared the worst results.

It appeared that the heir to the estates, who had remained between Mr. Campbell's title, had married in India, and had subsequently, as it had been supposed, died; but there was full and satisfactory proof that the marriage was valid, and that the party who claimed was his son. It was true, Mr. Harvey observed, that Mr. Campbell might delay for some time the restoration of the property, but that eventually it must be surrendered.

As soon as Mr. Campbell received this letter, he went to his wife and acquainted her with all that had been going on for some months, and with the reasons which induced him to say nothing to her until the receipt of Mr. Harvey's letter, which he now put into her hands, requesting her opinion on the subject. Mrs. Campbell, after having read the letter, replied—

"It appears, my dear husband, that we have been called to take possession of a property, and to hold for many years that which belongs to another. We are now called upon to give it up to the rightful owner. You ask my opinion; surely there is no occasion to do that. We must of course now, that we know that the claim is just, do as we would be done by."

"That is, my dearest, we must surrender it at once, without any more litigation. It certainly has been my feeling ever since I have read Mr. Harvey's letter. Yet it is hard to be beggars."

"It *is* hard, my dear husband, if we may use that term; but, at the same time, it is the will of Heaven. We received the property supposing it to have been our own; we have, I hope, not misused it during the time it has been intrusted to us; and, since it pleases Heaven that we should be deprived of it, let us, at all events, have the satisfaction of acting conscientiously and justly, and trust to Him for our future support."

"I will write immediately," replied Mr. Campbell, "to acquaint Mr. Harvey, that although I litigated the point as long as the claim was considered doubtful, now that he informs that the other party is the legal heir, I beg that all proceedings may be stopped, as I am willing to give immediate possession."

"Do so, my dear," replied his wife, embracing him. "We may be poor, but I trust we shall still be happy."

Mr. Campbell sat down and wrote the letter of instructions to his solicitor, sealed it, and sent a groom with it to the post.

As soon as the servant had closed the door of the room, Mr. Campbell covered his face with his hands.

"It is, indeed, a severe trial," said Mrs. Campbell, taking the hand of her husband; "but you have done your duty."

"I care not for myself; I am thinking of my children."

"They must work," replied Mrs. Campbell. "Employment is happiness."

"Yes, the boys may get on; but those poor girls! what a change will it be for them!"

"I trust they have been not so badly brought up, Campbell, but that they will submit with cheerfulness, and be a source of comfort to us both. Besides, we may not be absolutely beggars."

"That depends upon the other party. He may claim all arrears of rent; and if so, we are more than beggars. However, God's will be done. Shall we receive good, and shall we not receive evil?"

"There's hope, my husband," replied Mrs. Campbell, in a cheering tone; "let us hope for the best."

"How little do we know what is for our good, short-sighted mortals as we are!" observed Mr. Campbell. "Had not this estate come to us, I should, by following up my profession as surgeon, in all probability, have realized a good provision for my children: now, this seeming good turn of fortune leaves me poor. I am too old now to resume my profession, and, if I did, have no chance of obtaining the practice which I left. You see that which appeared to us and every one else the most fortunate occurrence in my life, has eventually proved the contrary."

"As far as our limited view of things can enable us to judge, I grant it," replied Mrs. Campbell; "but who knows what might have happened if we had remained in possession? All is hidden from our view. *He* acts as he thinks best for us; and it is for us to submit without repining. Come, dearest, let us walk out; the air is fresh, and will cool your heated brow."

Two days after this conversation, a letter was received from Mr. Harvey, informing them that he had made known Mr. Campbell's determination to resign the property without farther litigation; that the reply of the other party was highly honourable, stating that it was not his intention to make any claim for the back rents, and requesting that Mr. Campbell and family would consider Wexton Hall at their disposal for three months, to enable them to make arrangements, and dispose of their furniture, &c.

The contents of this letter were a great relief to the mind of Mr. Campbell, as he was now able to ascertain what his future means might be, and was grateful for the handsome behaviour of the new proprietor in not making any claim for back rents, which would have reduced him at once to penury. He wrote immediately to Mr. Harvey, requesting him to send in his account of legal expenses, that it might be liquidated as soon as possible. In three days it arrived, and a letter with it, in which Mr. Harvey acquainted him, that it was in consequence of his having so handsomely surrendered the property as soon as the claim was substantiated, together with the knowledge how much the estate had been improved during the ten years in which it had been in his possession, which induced the new proprietor to behave in so liberal a manner. This was very gratifying to Mr. Campbell, but the legal expenses proved enormous, amounting to many thousand pounds.

Mr. Campbell read the sum total, and threw the huge heap of papers down on the table in despair.

"We are still ruined, my dear," said he, mournfully.

"Let us hope *not*," replied Mrs. Campbell. "At all events, we now know the worst of it, and we must look it boldly in the face."

"I have not so much money as will pay this bill by nearly a thousand pounds, my dearest wife."

"It may be so," replied Mrs. Campbell; "but still there is the furniture, the horses, and carriages; surely, they are worth much more."

"But we have other bills to pay; you forget them."

"No, I do not; I have been collecting them all, and they do not amount to more than £300, as near as I can judge; but we have no time to lose, dearest, and we must shew courage."

"What then do you advise, Emily?" said Mr. Campbell.

"We must incur no more expense; our present establishment must be dismissed at once. Send for all the servants to-morrow morning, and explain what has occurred. This evening I will make it known to the two girls and Miss Paterson, who must of course be discharged, as we can no longer afford a governess. We must retain only the cook, housemaid, one footman, and a groom to look after the horses until they are sold. Send a letter to Mr. Bates, the auctioneer, to give notice of an early sale of the furniture. You must write to Henry; of course, he can no longer remain at college. We have plenty of time to consider what shall be our future plans, which must depend much upon what may prove to be our future means."

This judicious advice was approved of by Mr. Campbell. Miss Paterson was greatly distressed when the news was communicated to her by Mrs. Campbell. Mary and Emma Percival felt deeply for their kind benefactors, but thought nothing of themselves. As Mrs. Campbell had truly observed, they had been too well brought up. As soon as they were informed of what had happened, they both ran to Mr. Campbell's room, and hung upon his neck, declaring that they would do all they could to make him happy, and work for him, if necessary, from morning till night.

The next day the whole household were summoned into the dining-room, and made acquainted by Mr. Campbell with what had taken place, and the necessity of their immediate removal. Their wages had been calculated, and were paid them before they quitted the room, which they all did with many expressions of regret. Miss Paterson requested leave to remain with them as a friend for a few days longer, and as she was deservedly a favourite, her request was acceded to.

"Thank heaven, that is over!" said Mr. Campbell, after all the household had been dismissed. "It is quite a relief to my mind."

"Here's a letter from Alfred, uncle," said Emma Percival, entering the room. "He has just arrived at Portsmouth, and says the ship is ordered to be paid off immediately, and his captain is appointed to a fifty-gun ship, and intends to take him with him. He says he will be here in very few days, and"——

"And what, dearest?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"He says his time will be short, but he hopes you won't object to his bringing two of his messmates down with him."

"Poor fellow! I am sorry that he will be disappointed," replied Mr. Campbell. "You must write to him, Emma, and tell him what has happened."

"I must write to him, uncle?"

"Yes, dear Emma, do you write to him," replied Mrs. Campbell; "your uncle and I have much to attend to."

"I will, since you wish me," said Emma, the tears starting in her eyes, as she quitted the room.

"Mr. Bates, the auctioneer, wishes to see you, Sir," said the footman, as he came in.

"Request that he will walk in," replied Mr. Campbell.

Mr. Bates, the auctioneer, came in, and presented a letter to Mr. Campbell, who requested him to take a chair while he read it. It was from Mr. Douglas Campbell, the new proprietor of the estate, requesting Mr. Bates would ascertain if Mr. Campbell was willing that the furniture, &c., should be disposed of by valuation, and if so, requesting Mr. Bates to put a liberal value on it, and draw upon him for the amount.

"This is very considerate of Mr. Douglas Campbell," observed Mrs. Campbell; "of course, my dear, you can have no objection."

"None whatever; return my best thanks to Mr. Douglas Campbell for his kindness; and Mr. Bates, if you can possibly value by to-morrow or next day, I should esteem it a favour."

"It shall be done, Sir," replied Mr. Bates, who then rose and took his leave.

As soon as the valuation was finished, Mr. Campbell was enabled to make an estimate of what remained to them out of the property, and found that the whole sum amounted to between seventeen and eighteen hundred pounds.

CHAPTER III.

It may appear strange that after having been in possession of the estate for ten years, and considering that he had younger children to provide for, Mr. Campbell had not laid up a larger sum; but this can be fully explained. As I before said, the estate was in very bad order when Mr. Campbell came into possession, and he devoted a large portion of the income to improving it; and, secondly, he had expended a considerable sum in building almshouses and schools, works which he would not delay, as he considered them as religious obligations. The consequence was, that it was not until a year before the claim was made to the estate, that he had commenced laying by for his younger children; and as the estate was then worth £2000 per annum more than it was at the time that he came into possession of it, he had resolved to put by £5000 per annum, and had done so for twelve months. The enormous legal expenses had, however, swallowed up this sum, and more, as we have already stated; and thus he was left a poorer man by some hundreds than he was when the property fell to him. The day after the valuation, the eldest son, Henry, made his appearance; he seemed much dejected, more so than his parents, and those who knew him, would have supposed. It was, however, ascribed to his feeling for his father and mother, rather than for himself.

Many were the consultations held by Mr. and Mrs. Campbell as to their future plans;

but nothing at all feasible, or likely to prove advantageous, suggested itself to them. With only sixteen or seventeen hundred pounds, they scarcely knew where to go, or how to act. Return to his profession Mr. Campbell knew that he could not, with any chance of supporting his family. His eldest son, Henry, might obtain a situation, but he was really fit for nothing but the bar or holy orders; and how were they to support him till he could support himself? Alfred, who was now a master's mate, could, it is true, support himself, but it would be with difficulty, and there was little chance of his promotion. Then there were the two other boys, and the two girls growing up fast; in short, a family of eight people. To put so small a sum in the funds would be useless, as they could not live upon the interest which it would give, and how to employ it they knew not. They canvassed the matter over and over, but without success, and each night they laid their heads upon the pillow more and more disheartened. They were all ready to leave the Hall, but knew not where to direct their steps when they left it; and thus they continued wavering for a week, until they were embraced by their son Alfred, who had made all speed to join them, as soon as the ship had been paid off. After the first joy of meeting between those who had been separated so long, was over, Mr. Campbell said, "I'm sorry, Alfred, that I could not give your messmates any fishing."

"And so am I, and so were they, for your sakes, my dear father and mother; but what is, is—and what can't be helped, can't—so we must make the best of it; but where's Henry and my cousins?"

"They are walking in the park, Alfred; you had better join them; they are most anxious to see you."

"I will, mother; let us get over these

huggings and kissings, and then we shall be more rational: so good-bye for half an hour," said Alfred, kissing his mother again, and then hastening out of the room.

"His spirits are not subdued, at all events," observed Mrs. Campbell. "I thank God for it."

Alfred soon fell in with his brother and his cousins, Mary and Emma, and after the huggings and kissings, as he termed them, were over, he made inquiries into the real state of his father's affairs. After a short conversation, Henry, who was very much depressed in his spirits, said, "Mary and Emma, perhaps you will now go in; I wish to have some conversation with Alfred."

"You are terribly out of heart, Harry," observed Alfred, after his cousins had left them. "Are things so very bad?"

"They are bad enough, Alfred; but what

makes me so low-spirited is, that I fear my folly has made them worse."

"How so?" replied Alfred.

"The fact is, that my father has but £1700 left in the world, a sum small enough; but what annoys me is this. When I was at college, little imagining such a reverse of fortune, I anticipated my allowance, because I knew that I could pay at Christmas, and I ran in debt about £200. My father always cautioned me not to exceed my allowance, and thinks that I have not done so. Now, I cannot bear the idea of leaving college in debt, and, at the same time, it will be a heavy blow to my poor father, if he has to part with £200, out of his trifling remainder, to pay my debt. This is what has made me so unhappy. I cannot bear to tell him, because I feel convinced that he is so honourable, he will pay it immediately. I am mad with myself, and really do not know what to do. I do nothing but reproach myself all day, and I cannot sleep at night. I have been very foolish, but I am sure you will kindly enter into my present feelings. I waited till you came home, because I thought you had better tell my father the fact, for I feel as if I should die with shame and vexation."

"Look you, Harry," replied Alfred, "as for outrunning the constable, as we term it at sea, it's a very common thing, and, all things considered, no great harm done, when you suppose that you have the means, and intend to pay; so don't lay that to heart. That you would give your right hand not to have done so, as things have turned out, I really believe; but, however, there is no occasion to fret any more about it. I have received three years' pay, and the prize-money for the last eighteen months, and there is still some more due, for a French privateer. Altogether it amounts to £250, which I had intended to have made over to my father, now that he is on a lee-shore; but it will come to the same thing, whether I give it to you to pay your debts, or give it to him, as he will pay them, if you do not; so here it is, take what you want, and hand me over what's left. My father don't know that I have any money, and now he won't know it; at the same time he won't know that you owe any; so that squares the account, and he will be as well off as ever."

"Thank you, my dear Alfred; you don't know what a relief this will be to my mind. Now I can look my father in his face."

"I hope you will; we are not troubled with such delicate feelings on board-ship, Harry. I should have told him the truth long before this. I couldn't bear to keep any thing on my conscience. If this misfortune had happened last cruize, I should have been just in your position; for I had a tailor's bill to pay as long as a frigate's pennant, and not enough in my pocket to buy a mouse's breakfast. Now, let's go in again, and be as merry as possible, and cheer them up a little."

Alfred's high spirits did certainly do much to cheer them all up; and after tea, Mr. Campbell, who had previously consulted his wife, as soon as the servant had quitted the room, entered on a full explanation of the means which were left to them; and stated, that he wished in his difficulty to put the question before the whole family, and ascertain whether any project might come into their heads upon which they might decide and act. Henry, who had recovered his spirits since the assistance he had received from Alfred, was desired to speak first. He replied:

"My dear father and mother, if you cannot between you hit upon any plan, I am afraid it is not likely that I can assist you. All I have to say is, that whatever may be decided upon, I shall most cheerfully do my duty towards you and my brothers and sisters. My education has not been one likely to be very useful to a poor man, but I am ready to work with my hands as well as with my head, to the best of my abilities."

"That I am sure of, my dear boy," replied his father.

"Now, Alfred, we must look to you as our last hope, for your two cousins are not likely to give us much advice."

"Well, father, I have been thinking a good deal about it, and I have a proposal to make which may at first startle you, but it appears to me that it is our only, and our best, resource. The few hundred pounds which you have left are of no use in this country, except to keep you from starving for a year or two; but in another country they may be made to be worth as many thousands. In this country, a large family becomes a heavy charge and expense; in another country, the more children you have, the richer man you are. If, therefore, you would consent to transport your family and your present means into another country, instead of being a poor, you might be a rich man."

"What country is that, Alfred?"

"Why, father, the purser of our ship had a brother, who, soon after the French were beaten out of the Canadas, went out there to try his fortune. He had only three hundred pounds in the world: he has been there now about four years, and I read a letter from him which the purser received when the frigate arrived at Portsmouth, in which he states that he is doing well, and getting rich fast; that he has a farm of five hundred acres, of which two hundred are cleared; and that if he only had some children large enough to help him, he would soon be worth ten times the money, as he would purchase more land immediately.

Land is to be bought there at a dollar an acre, and you may pick and choose. With your money, you might buy a large property; with your children, you might improve it fast; and in a few years, you would at all events be comfortable, if not flourishing, in your circumstances. Your children would work for you, and you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you left them independent and happy."

"I acknowledge, my dear boy, that you have struck upon a plan which has much to recommend it. Still there are drawbacks."

"Drawbacks!" replied Alfred, "yes, to be sure, there are; if estates were to be picked up for merely going out for them, there would not be many left for you to choose; but, my dear father, I know no drawbacks which cannot be surmounted. Let us see what these drawbacks are. First, hard labour; occasional privation; a log-hut, till we can get a better; severe winter; isolation from the world; occasional danger, even from wild beasts and savages. I grant these are but sorry exchanges for such a splendid mansion as this—fine furniture, excellent cooking, polished society, and the interest one feels for what is going on in our own country, which is daily communicated to us. Now, as to hard labour, I and Henry will take as much of that off your hands as we can: if the winter is severe, there is no want of firewood; if the cabin is rude, at least we will make it comfortable; if we are shut out from the world, we shall have society enough among ourselves; if we are in danger, we will have firearms and stout hearts to defend ourselves; and, really, I do not see but we may be very happy, very comfortable, and, at all events, very independent."

"Alfred, you talk as if you were going with us," said Mrs. Campbell.

"And do you think that I am not, my

dear mother? Do you imagine that I would remain here when you were there, and my presence would be useful? No—no—I love the service, it is true, but I know my duty, which is, to assist my father and mother: in fact, I prefer it; a midshipman's ideas of independence are very great; and I had rather range the wilds of America free and independent, than remain in the service, and have to touch my hat to every junior lieutenant, perhaps for twenty years to come. If you go, I go, that is certain. Why, I should be miserable if you went without me; I should dream every night that an Indian had run away with Mary, or that a bear had eaten up my little Emma."

"Well, I'll take my chance of the Indian," replied Mary Percival.

"And I of the bear," said Emma. "Perhaps he'll only hug me as tight as Alfred did when he came home."

"Thank you, Miss, for the comparison," replied Alfred, laughing.

"I certainly consider that your proposal, Alfred, merits due reflection," observed Mrs. Campbell. "Your father and I will consult, and perhaps by to-morrow morning we may have come to a decision. Now we had better all go to bed."

"I shall dream of the Indian, I am sure," said Mary.

"And I shall dream of the bear," added Emma, looking archly at Alfred.

"And I shall dream of a very pretty girl —that I saw at Portsmouth," said Alfred.

"I don't believe you," replied Emma.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Campbell rang the bell for the servants; family prayers were read, and all retired in good spirits.

The next morning they all met at an early hour; and after Mr. Campbell had, as was his invariable rule, read a portion of the Bible, and a prayer of thankfulness, they sat down to breakfast. After breakfast was over, Mr. Campbell said—

"My dear children, last night, after you had left us, your mother and I had a long consultation, and we have decided that we have no alternative left us but to follow the advice which Alfred has given: if, then, you are all of the same opinion as we are, we have resolved that we will try our fortunes in the Canadas."

"I am certainly of that opinion," replied Henry.

"And you, my girls?" said Mr. Campbell.

"We will follow you to the end of the world, uncle," replied Mary, "and try if we can by any means in our power repay your kindness to two poor orphans."

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell embraced their nieces, for they were much affected by Mary's reply.

After a pause, Mrs. Campbell said—

"And now that we have come to a decision, we must commence our arrangements immediately. How shall we dispose of ourselves? Come, Alfred and Henry, what do you propose doing?"

"I must return immediately to Oxford, to settle my affairs, and dispose of my books and other property."

"Shall you have sufficient money, my dear boy, to pay every thing?" said Mr. Campbell.

"Yes, my dear father," replied Henry, colouring up a little.

"And I," said Alfred, "presume that I can be of no use here; therefore I propose that I should start for Liverpool this afternoon by the coach, for it is from Liverpool that we had better embark. I shall first write to our purser for what information he can procure, and obtain all I can at Liverpool from other people. As soon as I have any thing to communicate, I will write."

"Write as soon as you arrive, Alfred, whether you have any thing to communicate or not; at all events, we shall know of your safe arrival."

"I will, my dear mother."

"Have you money, Alfred?"

"Yes, quite sufficient, father. I don't travel with four horses."

"Well, then, we will remain here to pack up, Alfred; and you must look out for some moderate lodgings for us to go into as soon as we arrive at Liverpool. At what time do the ships sail for Quebec?"

"Just about this time, father. This is March, and they will now sail every week almost. The sooner we are off the better, that we may be comfortably housed in before the winter."

A few hours after this conversation, Henry and Alfred left the Hall upon their several destinations. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and the two girls had plenty of employment for three or four days in packing up. It was soon spread through the neighbourhood that they were going to emigrate to Canada; and the tenants who had held their farms under Mr. Campbell, all came forward and proffered their waggons and horses to transport his effects to Liverpool, without his being put to any expense.

In the meantime a letter had been received from Alfred, who had not been idle. He had made acquaintance with some merchants who traded to Canada, and by them had been introduced to two or three persons who had settled there a few years before, and who were able to give him every information. They informed him what was most advisable to take out; how they were to proceed upon their landing; and, what was of more importance, the merchants gave him letters of introduction to English merchants at Quebec, who would afford them every assistance in the selecting and purchasing of land, and in their transport up the country. Alfred had also examined a fine timber-ship, which was to sail in three weeks; and had bargained for the price of their passage, in case they could get ready in time to go by her. He wrote all these particulars to his father, waiting for his reply to act upon his wishes.

Henry returned from Oxford, having settled his accounts, and with the produce of the sale of his classics and other books in his pocket. He was full of spirits, and of the greatest assistance to his father and mother.

Alfred had shewn so much judgment in all he had undertaken, that his father wrote to him stating that they would be ready for the ship which he named, and that he might engage the cabins, and also at once procure the various articles which they were advised to take out with them, and draw upon him for the amount, if the people would not wait for the money. In a fortnight they were all ready; the waggons had left with their effects some days before. Mr. Campbell wrote a letter to Mr. Douglas Campbell, thanking him for his kindness and consideration to them, and informing him that they should leave Wexton Hall on the following day. He only begged, as a favour, that the schoolmaster and schoolmistress of the village school, should be continued on, as it was of great importance that the instruction of the poor should not be neglected; and added, that perceiving by the newspapers that Mr. Douglas Campbell had lately married, Mrs. Campbell and he wished him and his wife every happiness, &c., &c.

Having despatched this letter, there was nothing more to be done, previous to their departure from the Hall, except to pay and dismiss the few servants who were with them; for Mrs. Campbell had resolved upon taking none out with her. That afternoon they walked round the plantation and park for the last time. Mrs. Campbell and the girls went round the rooms of the Hall to ascertain that every thing was left tidy, neat, and clean. The poor girls sighed as they passed by the harp and piano in the drawing-room, for they were old friends.

"Never mind, Mary," said Emma, "we have our guitars, and may have music in the woods of Canada without harp or piano."

The following morning, the coach, of which they had secured the whole of the inside, drove up to the Hall door, and they all got in, the tenants and poor people standing round them, all with their hats in their hands out of respect, and wishing them every success as they drove away through the avenue to the park gates. The Hall and the park itself had been long out of sight before a word was exchanged. They checked their tears, but their hearts were too full for them to venture to speak.

The day afterwards they arrived at Liverpool, where Alfred had provided lodgings. Every thing had been sent on board, and the ship had hauled out in the stream. As they had nothing to detain them on shore, and the captain wished to take advantage of the first fair wind, they all embarked four days after their arrival at Liverpool; and I shall now leave them on board of the London Merchant, which was the name of the vessel, making all their little arrangements previous to their sailing, under the superintendence of Alfred, while I give some little more insight into the characters, ages, and dispositions of the family.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Campbell was a person of many amiable qualities. He was a religious, good man, very fond of his wife, to whose opinions he yielded in preference to his own, and very partial to his children, to whom he was inclined to be over indulgent. He was not a person of much energy of character, but he was sensible and well-informed. His goodness of heart rendered him very liable to be imposed upon, for he never suspected any deceit, notwithstanding that he was continually deceived. His character was therefore that of a simple, good, honest man.

Mrs. Campbell was well matched with him as a wife, as she had all that energy and decision of character which was sometimes wanting in her husband. Still there was nothing masculine in her manners or appearance; on the contrary, she was delicate in her form, and very soft in her manners. She had great firmness and self-possession, and had brought up all her children admirably. Obedience to their parents was the principle instilled into them after their duty to God; for she knew too well that a disobedient child can never prosper. If ever there was a woman fitted to meet the difficulty and danger which threatened them, it was Mrs. Campbell, for she had courage and presence of mind, joined to activity and cleverness.

Henry, the eldest son, was now nearly twenty years of age. He possessed much of the character of his father, was without vice, but rather inclined to inaction than otherwise. Much was to be ascribed to his education and college life, and more to his natural disposition.

Alfred, the sailor, was, on the contrary, full of energy and active in every thing, patient and laborious, if required, and never taking any thing in hand without finishing it, if possible. He was rough, but not rude, both in his speech and his manners, very kind-hearted, at the same time very confident in himself and afraid of nothing.

Mary Percival was a very amiable, reflective girl, quiet without being sad, not often indulging in conversation, except when alone with her sister Emma. She was devotedly attached to her uncle and aunt, and was capable of more than she had any idea of herself, for she was of a modest disposition, and thought humbly of herself. Her disposition was sweet, and was portrayed in her countenance. She was now seventeen years old, and very much admired.

Her sister Emma, who was but fifteen, was of a very different disposition, naturally gay, and inclined to find amusement in every thing—cheerful as the lark, and singing from morning to night. Her disposition, owing to Mrs. Campbell's care and attention, was equally amiable as her sister's, and her high spirits seldom betrayed her into indiscretion. She was the life of the family when Alfred was away: he only was her equal in high spirits.

Percival, the third boy, was now twelve years old; he was a quiet, clever lad, very obedient and very attentive to what was told him, very fond of obtaining information, being naturally very inquisitive.

John, the fourth boy, was ten years old —a sturdy, John Bull sort of boy, not very fond of learning, but a well-disposed boy in most things. He preferred any thing to his book; at the same time, he was obedient, and tried to keep up his attention as well as he could, which was all that could be expected from a boy of his age. He was very slow in every thing, very quiet, and seldom spoke unless first spoken to. He was not silly, although many people would have thought him so, but he certainly was a very strange boy, and it was difficult to say what he would turn out.

I have now described the family as they appeared at the time that they embarked on board of the London Merchant; and have only to add, that on the third day after their embarkation, they made sail with a fair wind, and ran down the British Channel.

The London Merchant sailed for Cork, where the North American convoy were to assemble. At the time we speak of, the war had recommenced between this country and the French, who were suffering all the horrors of the Revolution. On their arrival at Cork, our party recovered a little from the seasickness to which all are subject on their first embarkation. They found themselves at anchor with more than a hundred merchant vessels, among which were to be perceived the lofty masts and spars of a large fifty-gun ship, and two small frigates, which were appointed to convoy them to their destination.

The rest of the party, still suffering, soon went down below again, but Alfred remained on deck, leaning against the bulwarks of the vessel, his eyes and his thoughts intently fixed upon the streaming pennants of the men-of-war, and a tear rolled down his cheek, as he was reminded that he no longer could follow up his favourite profession. The sacrifice that he had made to his family was indeed great. He had talked lightly of it before them, not wishing them to believe that it was so. He had not told his father that he had passed his examination for lieutenant before he had been paid off at Portsmouth; and that his captain, who was very partial to him, had promised that he should soon be advanced in the service. He had not told them that all his wishes, all his daily hopes, the most anxious desire of his existence, which was to become a post-captain, and in command of a fine frigate, were blighted by this sacrifice he had made for them and their comfort. He had concealed all this, and assumed a mirth which he did not feel; but now that he was alone, and the pennant was once more presented to his view, his regrets could not be controlled. He sighed deeply, and turning away with his arms folded, said to himself—

"I have done my duty. It is hard, after having served so long, and now just arrived at the time in which I have reason to expect my reward—to rise in the service—distinguish myself by my zeal, and obtain a reputation, which, if it pleased God, I would have done—very hard, to have to leave it now, and to be hid in the woods, with an axe in my hand; but how could I leave my father, my mother, and my brothers and sisters, to encounter so much difficulty and privation by themselves, when I have a strong arm to help them! No! no!—I have done my duty to those who ever did their duty to me, and I trust that my own conscience will prove my reward, and check that repining which we are too apt to feel when it pleases Heaven to blight, what appear to be, our fairest prospects. ... I say, my good fellow," said Alfred, after a while, to a man in a boat, "what is the name of that fifty-gun ship?"

"I don't know which ship has fifty guns, or which has a hundred," replied the Irishman, "but if you mean the biggest of the three, she is called the Portsmouth."

"The Portsmouth! the very ship Captain Lumley was appointed to," cried Alfred. "I must go on board."

Alfred ran down to the cabin, and requested the captain of the transport, whose name was Wilson, to allow him the small boat to go on board the man-of-war. His request was granted, and Alfred was soon up the side of the Portsmouth. There were some of his old messmates on the quarter-deck, who welcomed him heartily, for he was a great favourite. Shortly afterwards, he sent down a message by the steward, requesting that Captain Lumley would see him, and was immediately afterwards ordered to go into the cabin.

"Well, Mr. Campbell," said Captain Lumley, "so you have joined us at last; better late than never. You're but just in time. I thought you would soon get over that foolish whim of yours, which you mentioned in your letter to me, of leaving the service, just after you had passed, and had such good chance of promotion. What could have put it in your head?"

"Nothing, Sir," replied Alfred, "but my duty to my parents. It is a most painful step for me to take, but I leave you to judge whether I can do otherwise."

Alfred then detailed to Captain Lumley all that had occurred, the resolution which his father and mother had taken, and their being then on board the timber-ship, and about to proceed to their new destination.

Captain Lumley heard Alfred's story without interruption, and then, after a pause, said, "I think you are right, my boy, and it does you honour. Where you are going to, I have no doubt but your courage and your protection will be most important.

Yet it is a pity you should be lost to the service."

"I feel most sincerely, Sir, I assure you, but"——

"But you sacrifice yourself; I know that. I admire the resolution of your father and mother. Few could have the courage to have taken such a step—few women, especially. I shall call upon them, and pay my respects. In half an hour I shall be ready, and you shall accompany me, and introduce me. In the meantime you can go and see your old messmates."

Alfred left the cabin, much flattered by the kindness of Captain Lumley, and went down to his former messmates, with whom he remained until the boatswain piped away the crew of the captain's barge. He then went on deck, and as soon as the captain came up, he went into the boat. The captain followed, and they were soon on board of the London

Merchant. Alfred introduced Captain Lumley to his father and mother; and in the course of half an hour, being mutually pleased with each other, an intimacy was formed, when Captain Lumley observed—"I presume, that much as you may require your son's assistance on your arrival at Canada, you can dispense with his presence on board of this vessel. My reason for making this observation is, that no chance should ever be thrown away. One of my lieutenants wishes to leave the ship on family concerns. He has applied to me, and I have considered it my duty to refuse him, now that we are on the point of sailing, and I am unable to procure another. But for your son's sake, I will now permit him to go, and will, if you will allow him to come on board of the Portsmouth, give Alfred an acting lieutenant's order. Should any thing occur on the passage out, and it is not at all impossible, it will ensure his promotion; even if nothing occurs, I will have his acting order confirmed. At Quebec, he shall, of course, leave the ship, and go with you. I don't pretend to detain him from his duty; but you will observe, that if he does obtain his rank, he will also obtain his half-pay, which, if he remains in Canada with you, will be a great assistance; and if things should turn out so well, that you can, after a year or two, do without him, and allow him to return to the service, he will then have already gained the most important step, and will, I have no doubt, soon rise to the command of a ship. I will give you till to-morrow to decide. Alfred can come on board in the morning, and let me know."

"I think I may say, Captain Lumley," replied Mrs. Campbell, "that my husband could have but one reason in hesitating a moment, and that is, to ascertain whether I would like to part with my son during our passage out. I should, indeed, be a very weak woman, if I did not make such a trifling sacrifice for his benefit, and, at the same time, feel most grateful to you for your kind intentions towards him. I rather think that Mr. Campbell will not find it necessary to have till to-morrow morning to consider the proposal; but I leave him to answer for himself."

"I can assure you, Captain Lumley, that Mrs. Campbell has only expressed my own feelings, and, as far as we are concerned, your offer is most gratefully accepted."

"Then, Alfred," replied Captain Lumley, "has only to make his appearance on board of the Portsmouth to-morrow morning, and he will find his acting order ready for him. We sail, I believe, the day after, if the weather is at all favourable; so, if I have not another opportunity to pay my respects to you, you must allow me to say farewell now. I shall keep my eye upon your vessel during the passage; at all events, Alfred will, I'm very sure."

Captain Lumley shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, bowed to the rest of the cabin party, and quitted the ship. As he went over the side, he observed to Alfred, "I perceive you have some attractions in your party. It is quite melancholy to think that those pretty cousins of yours should be buried in the woods of Canada. To-morrow, at nine o'clock, then, I shall expect you.—Adieu!"

Although the idea of Alfred leaving them during the passage out was not pleasant, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were most happy at the chance which had offered itself for their son's advantage, and seemed in good spirits when he took leave of them on the following morning.

"Captain Wilson, you sail so well, that I hope you will keep close to us all the passage out," observed Alfred, as he was taking leave.

"Except you happen to come to action with an enemy, and then I shall haul off to a respectful distance, Mr. Alfred," replied Captain Wilson, laughing.

"That, of course. Cannon-balls were never invented for ladies, although they have no objection to balls,—have they, Emma? Well, good-bye! once more. You can often see me with the spy-glass if you feel inclined. Recollect that."

Alfred shoved off in the boat, and was soon on board of the Portsmouth. The following day they sailed with a fair wind and moderate weather; the convoy now increased to 120 vessels.

We must leave Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and family on board the London Merchant, and follow Alfred in the Portsmouth, during the passage to Quebec.

For several days the weather was moderate, although the wind was not always fair, and the convoy was kept together, and in good order. The London Merchant was never far away from the Portsmouth, and Alfred employed a large portion of his time, when he was not keeping his watch, in keeping his spy-glass upon the vessel, and watching the motions of his cousins and the rest of the family. On board of the London Merchant they were similarly occupied, and very often a handkerchief was waved by way of salute and recognition. At last they arrived off the banks of Newfoundland, and were shrouded in a heavy fog, the men-of-war constantly firing guns, to inform the merchant-ships in what direction they were to steer, and the merchant-vessels of the convoy ringing their bells, to warn each other, that they might not be run foul of.

The fog lasted two days, and was still continuing when the party on board the London Merchant, just as they were sitting down to dinner in the cabin, heard a noise and bustle on deck. Captain Wilson ran hastily up, and found that his vessel had been boarded by a French boat's crew, who had beaten down the men and taken possession. As there was no help, all he could do was to go down to the cabin, and inform his passengers that they were prisoners. The shock of this intelligence was very great, as may be supposed, but still there was no useless lamentation or weeping. One thing is certain, that this news quite spoilt their appetite for their dinner, which, however, was soon despatched by the French officer and his men, after the boat had left, and the vessel's head had been put in an opposite direction.

Captain Wilson, who had returned on deck, came down in about a quarter of an hour, and informed the party, who were silently brooding over this sudden change in their prospects, that the wind was very light, and that he thought the fog was clearing off a little, and that if it did so before it was dark, he was in great hopes that they should be recaptured. This intelligence appeared to revive the hopes of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and they were still more encouraged when they heard the sound of guns at no very great distance. In a few minutes afterwards the cannonading became very furious, and the Frenchmen who were on board began to shew strong signs of uneasiness.

The fact was, that a French squadron, of one sixty-gun ship and two corvettes, had been on the look-out for the convoy, and had come in among them during the fog. They had captured and taken possession of several vessels before they were discovered, but the sixty-gun ship at last ran very near to the Portsmouth, and Alfred, who had the watch, and was on a sharp look-out, soon perceived through the looming fog, that she was not one of the convoy. He ran down to acquaint the captain, and the men were immediately ordered to their quarters, without beating the drum, or making any noise, that might let the enemy know they were so near. The yards were then braced in, to check the way of the Portsmouth, so that the strange vessel might come up with her. Silence was kept fore and aft, not a whisper was to be heard; and as the Frenchman neared them, they perceived a boat putting off from her to board another vessel close to them, and also heard the orders given to the men in the French language. This was sufficient for Captain Lumley: he put the helm down, and poured a raking broadside into the enemy, who was by no means prepared for such a sudden salute, although her guns were cast loose, ready for action, in case of accident. The answer to the broadside was a cry of "*Vive la République!*" and, in a few seconds, both ships were hotly engaged—the Portsmouth having the advantage of lying upon the bow of her antagonist.

As is often the case, the heavy cannonading brought on a dead calm, and the two ships remained in their respective positions, except that the Portsmouth's was the more favourable, having drawn ahead of the French vessel, so that her broadside was poured into her opponent, without her being able to return the fire from more than four or five of her guns. The fog became more opaque than ever; the two ships had neared each other considerably, or it would have been impossible to distinguish. All that they could see from the deck of the Portsmouth was the jib-boom and cap of the bowsprit of the Frenchman, the rest of her bowsprit, and her whole hull, were lost in the impenetrable gloom; but that was sufficient for the men to direct their guns, and the fire from the Portsmouth was most rapid, although the extent of its execution was unknown. After half an hour of incessant broadsides, the two vessels had approached each other so close, that the jib-boom of the Frenchman was pointed between the fore and main rigging of the Portsmouth. Captain Lumley immediately gave orders to lash the Frenchman's bowsprit to his mainmast, and this was accomplished by the first lieutenant, Alfred, and the seamen, without any serious loss, for the fog was still so thick, that the Frenchmen on their forecastle could not perceive what was doing at their bowsprit's cap.

"She is ours now," said Captain Lumley to the first lieutenant.

"Yes, Sir—fast enough. I think, if the fog were to clear away, they would haul down their colours."

"Not till the last, depend upon it," replied Captain Lumley. "Fire away there, on the main-deck, give them no time to take breath.

Mr. Campbell, tell the second lieutenant to let the foremost lower deck guns be pointed more aft. I say, not till the last," repeated Captain Lumley to the first lieutenant; "these republicans will take a great deal of beating, even upon the water."

"It's clearing up, Sir, to the northward a little," said the master.

"I see—yes, it is," replied Captain Lumley. "Well, the sooner the better; we shall see what has become of all the shot we have been throwing away."

A white silvery line appeared on the horizon, to the northward; gradually it increased, and as it rose up, became broader, till at last the curtain was lifted up, and a few feet were to be seen above the clear blue water. As it continued to approach, the light became more vivid, the space below increased, and the water was ruffled with the coming wind, till at last the fog rolled off as if it had been gradually furled, and sweeping away in a heavy bank to leeward, exposed the state and position of the whole convoy, and the contending vessels. The English seamen on board of the Portsmouth cheered the return of daylight, as it might truly be termed. Captain Lumley found that they had been contending in the very centre of the convoy, which were still lying around them, with the exception of about fifteen vessels, which were a few miles apart, with their heads in an opposite direction. These were evidently those which had been captured. The two frigates, which had been stationed in the rear of the convoy, were still two or three miles distant, but making all sail to come up and assist the Portsmouth. Many of the convoy, which had been in the direction of the fire, appeared to have suffered in their masts and sails; but whether any injury had been received in their hulls it was not possible to say. The

French line-of-battle ship had suffered dreadfully from the fire of the Portsmouth. Her main-mast and mizen-mast were over the side, her forward ports were many of them almost beat into one, and every thing on board appeared to be in the greatest confusion.

"She can't stand this long," observed Captain Lumley. "Fire away, my lads."

"The Circe and Vixen are coming down to us, Sir," observed the first lieutenant; "we do not want them, and they will only be an excuse for the Frenchman to surrender to a superior force. If they recaptured the vessels taken, they would be of some service."

"Very true. Mr. Campbell, make their signal to pursue captured vessels."

Alfred ran aft to obey the orders. The flags had just flown out at the mast-head, when he received a bullet through his arm; for, the French, unable to use the major portion of their guns, had, when the fog cleared up, poured in incessant volleys of musketry upon the decks of the Portsmouth. Alfred desired the quarter-master to untie his neck-handkerchief for him, and bind up his arm. Having so done, he continued to do his duty. A bold attempt was now made by the French to clear their vessel by cutting the fastenings of the bowsprit, but the marines of the Portsmouth were prepared for them, and after about twenty gallant fellows had dropped down on the booms and gangways of the Portsmouth, the attempt was given up, and four minutes afterwards the French colours were hauled down. She was boarded from her bowsprit by the first lieutenant and a party of seamen. The lashings were cast off, and the vessels cleared of each other, and then the English seamen gave three cheers in honour of the victory.

CHAPTER V.

The French sixty-gun ship proved to be the Leonidas; she had been sent out with two large frigates on purpose to intercept the convoy, but she had parted with her consorts in a gale of wind. Her loss of men was very great; that on board of the Portsmouth was trifling. In a couple of hours the Portsmouth and her prize in tow were ready to proceed with the convoy, but they still remained hove to, to wait for the frigates which were in chase of the captured vessels. All of these were speedily come up with except the London Merchant, which sailed so remarkably well. At last, to the great joy of Alfred (who as soon as the bullet had been extracted and his arm dressed, had held his telescope fixed upon the chase), she hove to, and was taken possession of. Before night, the convoy were again collected together, and were steering for their destination. The next morning was clear, and the breeze moderate. Mrs. Campbell, who, as well as all the rest, was very anxious about Alfred, requested Captain Wilson to run down to the Portsmouth, that they might ascertain if he was safe. Captain Wilson did as she requested, and writing in chalk "all well" in large letters upon the log-board, held it over the side as he passed close to the Portsmouth. Alfred was not on deck—fever had compelled him to remain in his hammock—but Captain Lumley made the same reply on the log-board of the Portsmouth, and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were satisfied.

"How I should like to see him," said Mrs. Campbell.

"Yes, Madam," observed Captain Wilson, "but they have too much to do on board of the Portsmouth just now; they have to repair damages and to look after the wounded; they have a great quantity of prisoners on board, as you may see, for a great many are now on the booms; they have no time for compliments."

"That is very true," replied Mr. Campbell, "we must wait till we arrive at Quebec."

"But we did not see Alfred," said Emma.

"No, Miss, because he was busy enough below, and I dare say no one told him. They have said that all's well, and that is sufficient; and now we must haul off again, for with such a heavy ship in tow, Captain Lumley will not thank me if I am always coming so close to him."

"I am satisfied, Captain Wilson, pray do nothing that might displease Captain Lumley.

We shall soon see Alfred, I dare say, with the spy-glass."

"I see him now," said Mary Percival, "he has his telescope, and he is waving his hat to me."

"Thank God," replied Mrs. Campbell; "now I am satisfied."

The Portsmouth cast off the French line-of-battle ship, as soon as they had jury-masts up and could make sail on them, and the convoy proceeded to the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

"Captain Wilson," said Percival, whose eyes were fixed on the water, "what animals are those, tumbling about and blowing,—those great white things?"

"They are what are called the white whale, Percival," replied Captain Wilson; "they are not often seen, except about here."

"Then what is the colour of the other whales?"

"The northern whales are black—they are

called the black whales; but the southern, or spermaceti whales, are not so dark in colour."

Captain Wilson then, at Percival's request, gave him an account of how the whales were caught, for he had been several voyages himself in the northern whale fishery.

Percival was never tired of asking questions, and Captain Wilson was very kind to him, and always answered him. John, generally speaking, stood by when Captain Wilson was talking, looking very solemn and very attentive, but not saying a word.

"Well, John," said Emma to him after the conversation had been ended, "what was Captain Wilson telling you about?"

"Whales," replied John, walking past her.

"Well, but is that all you can tell me, John?"

"Yes," replied John, walking away.

"At all events, Miss Emma, he keeps all his knowledge to himself," observed Captain Wilson, laughing.

"Yes; I shall know nothing about the whale-fishery, unless you will condescend to tell me yourself, that is evident," replied Emma, taking the offered arm of Captain Wilson, who, at her request, immediately resumed the subject.

In three weeks from the day of the action they had anchored off the town of Quebec.

As soon as they had anchored, Alfred obtained leave to go on board of the London Merchant, and then, for the first time, his family knew that he had been wounded. His arm was still in a sling, but was healing fast.

I shall pass over the numerous inquiries on his part relative to their capture and recapture, and on theirs, as to the action with the French ship.

While they were in conversation, Captain Lumley was reported to be coming on board in his boat. They went on the deck of the vessel to receive him.

"Well, Mrs. Campbell," said Captain Lumley after the first salutations were over, "you must congratulate me on my having captured a vessel somewhat larger than my own; and I must congratulate you on the conduct and certain promotion of your son Alfred. He has richly deserved it."

"I am very thankful, Captain Lumley, and do most heartily congratulate you," replied Mrs. Campbell; "I only regret that my boy has been wounded."

"The very thing that you should, on the contrary, be thankful for, Mrs. Campbell," replied Captain Lumley. "It is the most fortunate wound in the world, as it not only adds to his claims, but enables me to let him join you and go to Canada with you, without it being supposed that he has quitted the service."

"How so, Captain Lumley?"

"I can discharge him to sick-quarters here at Quebec. If they think any thing about it at all at home, it will be that his wound is much more severe than it really is; and he can remain on half-pay as long as he pleases. There are plenty ready to be employed. But I cannot wait any longer. I am going on shore to call upon the Governor, and I thought I would just see you in my way. You may assure yourselves that if I can be of any use to you, I will not fail to exert any little influence I may have."

Captain Lumley then took a cordial leave of the whole party, telling Alfred that he might consider himself as discharged from the ship, and might rejoin his family.

"Heaven sends us friends when we most need them and least expect them," said Mrs. Campbell, as she watched the boat pulling away. "Who would have imagined, when we anchored at Cork, that such good fortune should have awaited us; and that, at the very time Alfred had given up his profession for our sake, his promotion in the service was awaiting him?"

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Campbell and Henry went on shore with Captain Wilson to look out for lodgings, and present the letters of introduction which he had received for some Quebec merchants. As they were looking for lodgings in company with a Mr. Farquhar, who had kindly volunteered to assist them, they met Captain Lumley on his return from the Governor.

"I am glad to have met you, Mrs. Campbell," said Captain Lumley; "I found, on paying my respects to the Governor, that there is what they call the Admiralty House here, which is kept furnished by Government for the senior officers of his Majesty's ships. It is at my disposal; and as the Governor has requested me to take up my abode at Government House, I beg you will consider it at your service. You will find better accommodation there than in lodgings, and it will save you considerable expense."

"We need look no further, Mrs. Campbell," said Mr. Farquhar.

Mrs. Campbell expressed her acknowledgments to Captain Lumley, and returned on board with this pleasing intelligence.

"Oh, Alfred, how much we are indebted to you, my dear boy," said Mrs. Campbell.

"To me, mother?—to Captain Lumley, I should rather think."

"Yes, to Captain Lumley, I grant; but still it has been your good conduct when under his command which has made him attached to you; and it is to that we owe his acquaintance, and all the kindness we have received from him.

The next day the family disembarked and

took possession of the Admiralty House. Mr. Farquhar procured them a female servant, who, with a man and his wife left in charge of the house, supplied all the attendance they required. Mrs. Campbell settled with Captain Wilson, who very generously refused to take any money for Alfred's passage, as he had not remained on board of the London Merchant: promising, however, to accept their invitation to come to them whenever he could find leisure, he took leave of them for the present, and they were left alone in their new residence.

In a few days the Campbells found themselves comfortably settled in the Admiralty House, but they had no intention of remaining there longer than was necessary; as, notwithstanding the accommodation, their residence at Quebec was attended with expense, and Mr. Campbell was aware that he had no money to throw away.

On the fourth day after their landing

Captain Lumley called to take leave; but the day previous he had introduced them to the Governor, who returned Mr. Campbell's call, and appeared to be much interested in their welfare, owing of course to the representations of Captain Lumley. It was not, therefore, surprising that they should part with regret from one who had proved himself such a kind friend; and many were the expressions of gratitude which were made by the whole party. Captain Lumley shook hands with them all; and, assuring Alfred that he would not lose sight of his interests, wished them every success, and left the house. An hour afterwards the Portsmouth was under weigh, and running out with a fine breeze.

On the following day the Governor requested Mr. Campbell would call upon him; and when they met, he pointed out to him that he would have great difficulties, and, he was fearful, great hardships, to encounter in following up his plan of settling in Upper Canada. He did not dissuade him from so doing, as he had nothing more promising to offer, which might induce him to change his mind, but he thought it right to forewarn him of trials, that he might be well prepared.

"I feel, of course, a strong interest in any English family so well brought up, and accustomed, as I find yours has been, to luxury, being placed in such a situation; and the interest which my old friend, Captain Lumley, takes in you, is quite sufficient to induce me to offer you every assistance in my power: that you may depend upon, Mr. Campbell. The Surveyor-General is coming here immediately, I must first introduce you to him, as it is from him that the land must be obtained, and of course he can advise you well on the point of locality; but you must recollect that it is not much more than thirty years since these provinces have been surrendered to Great Britain, and that not only the French population, but the Indians, are very hostile to the English, for the Indians were, and still are, firm allies to the French, and detest us. I have been reflecting upon the affair, and I hope to be of some service to you; if I am not, it will not, I assure you, be from any want of will; under every advantage which may be procured for you, at all events, you will require stout hearts and able hands. Your son Alfred will be of great service, but we must try and procure you some other assistance that can be trusted."

A long conversation then took place between the Governor and Mr. Campbell, during which, the latter received much valuable information: it was interrupted, however, by the arrival of the Surveyor-General, and the topic was resumed.

"The land that I would propose for Mr. Campbell," observed the Surveyor-General, after a time, “if there is no objection to part with it, is a portion of what has been laid aside as Government reserve on this part of the Lake Ontario; there are lands to be obtained nearer to Montreal, but all the land of good quality has been purchased. This land, you will observe, Mr. Campbell, is peculiarly good, having some few acres of what we call prairie, or natural meadow. It has also the advantage of running with a large frontage on the beach, and there is a small river on one side of it; besides, it is not a great distance, perhaps four or five miles, from Fort Frontignac, and it might be easy to obtain assistance if required.”

The Surveyor-General pointed to a part of the map, near to Presqu’ Ile de Quinte, as he made this observation to the Governor.

“I agree with you,” replied the Governor, “and I observe that there is already a settler on the other side of the stream.”

"Yes, Sir," replied the surveyor; "that allotment was granted before it was decided that the rest should be a Government reserve; and if proof were required of the goodness of the land, it would be found in the person who took it. It was taken four years ago by the old hunter, Malachi Bone; he has been over every part of it, of course, and knows what it is. You recollect the man, don't you, Sir? He was a guide to the English army before the surrender of Quebec; General Wolfe had a high opinion of him, and his services were so good that he was allowed that tract of 150 acres."

"I now remember him," replied the Governor, "but as I have not seen him for so many years, he had escaped my recollection."

"It will be a great advantage to you, Mr. Campbell, having this man as a neighbour."

"Now," continued the Governor, addressing the Surveyor-General, "do you know of any person who would be willing to serve Mr. Campbell, and who can be depended upon; of course one who understands the country, and who would be really useful?"

"Yes, Governor, I do know a very good man, and you know him also; but you know the worst part of him, for he is generally in trouble when you see him."

"Who is that?"

"Martin Super, the trapper."

"Why, that is the young fellow who breeds such disturbances, and who, if I recollect right, is now in prison for a riot."

"The very same, Sir; but Martin Super, although a troublesome fellow at Quebec, is worth his weight in gold when he is out of the town. You may think it strange, Mr. Campbell, that I should recommend a man who appears to be so unruly a character; but the fact is, that the trappers, who go in pursuit of the game for their skins, after having been out for months, undergoing every privation that can be imagined, return home with their packages of skins, which they dispose of to the merchants of this town; and as soon as they have their money, they never cease their revelry of every description until their earnings are all gone, and then they set off again on their wild and venturous pursuit. Now Martin Super, like all the rest, must have his fun when he comes back, and being a very wild fellow, he is often in scrapes when he has drunk too much, so that he is occasionally put into prison for being riotous; but I know him well, he has been with me surveying for months, and when he is on service, a more steady, active, and brave man I do not know."

"I believe you are right in recommending him," observed the Governor, "he will not be sorry to get out of the gaol, and I have no doubt but that he will conduct himself well if he once agrees to take your service, Mr. Campbell, for one or two years. As for the Canadians, they are very harmless, but at the same time very useless. There are exceptions, no doubt; but their general character is any thing but that of activity and courage. As I said before, you will require stout hearts, and Martin Super is one, that is certain. Perhaps you can arrange this for Mr. Campbell."

The Surveyor-General promised to do so; shortly after which, Mr. Campbell, with many thanks, took his leave of the Governor.

Mr. Campbell, who had gained every possible information relative to what would be most necessary for him to take with him, was actively employed for a fortnight in making his purchases. During this time much attention was shewn to them both by the English and French residents at Quebec. Alfred, whose wound was now nearly healed, was as active as usual, and Henry was of great assistance to his father in taking inventories and making out lists, &c. Nor were Mrs. Campbell and the two girls unemployed; they had purchased the coarse manufactures of the country, and were very busy making dresses for themselves and for the children. Mr. Campbell had been one morning at Mr. Farquhar's, the merchant's, to make inquiries about a conveyance up to his new purchase (for he had concluded his arrangements with the Surveyor-General), when the Governor sent a message by one of his aides-de-camp, to say that it was his intention in the course of ten days to send a detachment of soldiers up to Fort Frontignac—news having been received that the garrison was weakened by a fever which had broken out; and that if Mr. Campbell would like to avail himself of the opportunity, he and his family, and all his luggage, should go under the escort of the officer and troops. This offer was of course joyfully accepted, and on

Mr. Campbell's calling upon the Governor to return his thanks, the latter told him that there would be plenty of room in the *bateaux* and canoes for them and all their luggage, and that he need not give himself further trouble, or incur any further expense.

CHAPTER VI.

The next day the Surveyor-General called, bringing with him Martin Super, the trapper.

"Mr. Campbell," said the surveyor, "this is my friend Martin Super; I have spoken to him, and he has consented to take service for one year, and he will remain, if he is satisfied. If he serves you as well as he has served me when I have travelled through the country, I have no doubt but you will find him a valuable assistant."

Martin Super was rather tall, very straight-limbed, shewing both activity and strength. His head was smaller than usually is the case,

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which gave him the appearance of great lightness and agility. His countenance was very pleasing, being expressive of continual good humour, which was indeed but corresponding to his real character. He was dressed in a sort of hunting-coat of deer-skin, blue cloth leggings, a cap of racoon's skin, with a broad belt round his waist, in which he wore his knife.

"Now, Martin Super, I will read the terms of the agreement between you and Mr. Campbell, that you may see if all is as you wish."

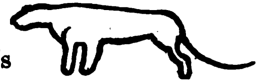
The Surveyor-General read the agreement, and Martin Super nodded his head in acquiescence.

"Mr. Campbell if you are satisfied, you may now sign it; Martin shall do the same."

Mr. Campbell signed his name and handed the pen to Martin Super, who then for the first time spoke.

"Surveyor, I don't know how my name is spelt; and if I did, I couldn't write it, so I must do it Indian fashion, and put my totem to it?"

"What is your name among the Indians, Martin?"

"The Painter," replied Martin, who then made, under Mr. Campbell's signature, a figure like ; saying, "There, that's my name as near as I can draw it."

"Very good," replied the Surveyor-General; "here is the document all right, Mr. Campbell. Ladies, I fear I must run away, for I have an engagement. I will leave Martin Super, Mr. Campbell, as you would probably like a little conversation together."

The Surveyor-General then took his leave, and Martin Super remained. Mrs. Campbell was the first who spoke: "Super," said she, "I hope we shall be very good friends, but now tell me what you mean by your—totem, I think you called it?"

"Why, Ma'am, a totem is an Indian's mark, and you know I am almost an Indian myself. All the Indian chiefs have their totems. One is called the Great Otter; another the Serpent, and so on, and so they sign a figure like the animal they are named from. Then, Ma'am, you see, we trappers, who almost live with them, have names given to us also, and they have called me the Painter."

"Why did they name you the Painter?"

"Because I killed two of them in one day."

"Killed two painters!" cried the girls.

"Yes, Miss; killed them both with my rifle."

"But why did you kill the men?" said Emma; "was it in battle?"

"Kill the men, Miss; I said nothing about men; I said I killed two painters," replied

Martin, laughing, and shewing a row of teeth as white as ivory.

"What is a painter, then, Super?" inquired Mrs. Campbell.

"Why it's an animal, and a very awkward creature, I can tell you, sometimes."

"The drawing is something like a panther, Mamma," exclaimed Mary.

"Well, Miss, it may be a panther, but we only know them by the other name."

Mr. Farquhar then came in, and the question was referred to him; he laughed and told them that painters were a species of panther, not spotted, but tawny-coloured, and at times very dangerous.

"Do you know the part of the country where we are going to?" said Henry to Super.

"Yes, I have trapped thereabouts for months, but the beavers are scarce now."

"Are there any other animals there?"

"Yes," replied Martin, "small game, as we term it."

"What sort are they?"

"Why, there's painters, and bears, and cat-a'mountains."

"Mercy on us! do you call that small game; why, what must the large be, then?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"Buffaloes, Missus, is what we call big game."

"But the animals you speak of are not good eating, Super," said Mrs. Campbell, "is there no game that we can eat?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of deer and wild turkey, and bear's good eating, I reckon."

"Ah! that sounds better."

After an hour's conversation, Martin Super was dismissed; the whole of the family (except Alfred, who was not at home) very much pleased with what they had seen of him.

A few days after this, Martin Super, who had now entered upon service, and was very busy with Alfred, with whom he had already become a favourite, was sent for by Mr. Campbell, who read over to him the inventory of the articles which they had, and inquired of him if there was any thing else which might be necessary or advisable to take with them.

"You said something about guns," replied Martin, "what sort of guns did you mean?"

"We have three fowling-pieces and three muskets, besides pistols."

"Fowling-pieces,—they are bird-guns, I believe,—no use at all; muskets are soldiers' tools,—no use; pistols are pops, and nothing better. You have no rifles; you can't go into the woods without rifles. I have got mine, but you must have some."

"Well, I believe you are right, Martin; it never occurred to me. How many ought we to have?"

"Well, that's according—how many be you in family?"

"We are five males and three females."

"Well, then, Sir, say ten rifles; that will be quite sufficient. Two spare ones in case of accident," replied Martin.

"Why, Martin," said Mrs. Campbell, "you do not mean that the children and these young ladies and I are to fire off rifles?"

"I do mean to say, Ma'am, that before I was as old as that little boy," pointing to John, "I could hit a mark well; and a woman ought at least to know how to prime and load a rifle, even if she does not fire it herself. It is a deadly weapon, Ma'am, and the greatest leveller in creation, for the trigger pulled by a child will settle the business of the stoutest man. I don't mean to say that we may be called to use them in that way, but it's always better to have them, and to let other people know that you have them, and all ready loaded too, if required."

"Well, Martin," said Mr. Campbell, "I agree with you, it is better to be well prepared. We will have the ten rifles, if we can afford to purchase them. What will they cost?"

"About sixteen dollars will purchase the best, Sir; but I think I had better choose them for you, and try them before you purchase."

"Do so, then, Super; Alfred will go with you as soon as he comes back, and you and he can settle the matter."

"Why, Super," observed Mrs. Campbell, "you have quite frightened us women at the idea of so many fire-arms being required."

"If Pontiac was alive, Missus, they would all be required, but he's gone now; still there are many out-lying Indians, as we call them, who are no better than they should be; and I always like to see rifles ready loaded. Why, Ma'am, suppose now that all the men were out in the woods, and a bear should pay you a visit during our absence, would it not be just as well for to have a loaded rifle ready for him; and would not you or the young misses willingly prefer to pull the trigger at him than to be hugged in his fashion?"

"Martin Super, you have quite convinced me: I shall not only learn to load a rifle but to fire one also."

"And I'll teach the boys the use of them, Ma'am, and they will then add to your defence."

"You shall do so, Martin," replied Mrs. Campbell; "I am convinced that you are quite right."

When Super had quitted the room, which he did soon afterwards, Mr. Campbell observed—"I hope, my dear, that you and the girls are not terrified by the remarks of Martin. It is necessary to be well armed when isolated as we shall be, and so far from any assistance; but it does not follow, because we ought to be prepared against danger, that such danger should occur."

"I can answer for myself, my dear Campbell," replied his wife; "I am prepared, if necessary, to meet danger, and do what a weak woman can do; and I feel what Martin says is but too true, that, with a rifle in the hand, a woman or a child is on a par with the strongest man."

"And I, my dear uncle," said Mary Percival, "shall, I trust, with the blessing of God, know how to do my duty, however peculiar the circumstances may be to a female."

"And I, my dear uncle," followed up Emma, laughing, "infinitely prefer firing off a rifle to being hugged by a bear or an Indian, because of two evils one should always choose the least."

"Well, then, I see Martin has done no

harm, but, on the contrary, he has done good. It is always best to be prepared for the worst, and to trust to Providence for aid in peril."

At last all the purchases were completed, and every thing was packed up and ready for embarkation. Another message from the Governor was received, stating that in three days the troops would be embarked, and also informing Mr. Campbell that if he had not purchased any cows or horses, the officer at Fort Frontignac had more cattle than were requisite, and could supply him; which, perhaps, would be preferable to carrying them up so far. Mr. Campbell had spoken about, but not finally settled for, the cows, and therefore was glad to accept the Governor's offer. This message was accompanied with a note of invitation to Mr. Campbell, the ladies, and Henry and Alfred, to take a farewell dinner at Government House the day before their departure. The invitation was accepted, and Mr.

Campbell was introduced to the officer commanding the detachment which was about to proceed to Fort Frontignac, and received from him every assurance of his doing all he could to make them comfortable. The kindness of the Governor did not end here: he desired the officer to take two large tents for the use of Mr. Campbell, to be returned to the fort when the house had been built, and they were completely settled. He even proposed that Mrs. Campbell and the Misses Percival should remain at Government House until Mr. Campbell had made every preparation to receive them; but this Mrs. Campbell would not consent to, and, with many thanks, she declined the offer.

CHAPTER VII.

Although it was now the middle of May, it was but a few days before their departure that there was the least sign of verdure, or the trees had burst into leaf; but in the course of the three days before they quitted Quebec, so rapid was the vegetation, that it appeared as if summer had come upon them all at once. The heat was also very great, although, when they had landed, the weather was piercing cold; but in Canada, as well as in all Northern America, the transitions from heat to cold, and from cold to heat, are very rapid.

My young readers will be surprised to

hear that when the winter sets in at Quebec, all the animals required for the winter's consumption are at once killed. If the troops are numerous, perhaps three or four hundred bullocks are slaughtered and hung up. Every family kill their cattle, their sheep, pigs, turkeys, fowls, &c., and all are put up in the garrets, where the carcases immediately freeze hard, and remain quite good and sweet during the six or seven months of severe winter which occur in that climate. When any portion of meat is to be cooked, it is gradually thawed in lukewarm water, and after that is put to the fire. If put at once to the fire in its frozen state, it spoils. There is another strange circumstance which occurs in these cold latitudes; a small fish, called the snow-fish, is caught during the winter by making holes in the thick ice, and these fish coming to the holes in thousands to breathe, are thrown out with hand-nets upon the ice, where they become in a few minutes frozen quite hard, so that, if you wish it, you may break them in half like a rotten stick. The cattle are fed upon these fish during the winter months. But it has been proved, which is very strange, that if, after they have been frozen for twenty-four hours or more, you put these fish into water and gradually thaw them as you do the meat, they will recover and swim about again as well as ever. To proceed, however, with our history,—

Mr. Campbell found that, after all his expenses, he had still three hundred pounds left, and this money he left in the Quebec Bank, to use as he might find necessary. His expenditure had been very great. First, there was the removal of so large a family, and the passage out; then he had procured at Liverpool a large quantity of cutlery and tools, furniture, &c., all of which articles were cheaper there than at Quebec. At

Quebec he had also much to purchase: all the most expensive portion of his house; such as windows ready glazed, stoves, boarding for floors, cupboards, and partitions; salt provisions, crockery of every description, two small waggons ready to be put together, several casks of nails, and a variety of things which it would be too tedious to mention. Procuring these, with the expenses of living, had taken away all his money, except the three hundred pounds I have mentioned.

It was on the 13th of May that the embarkation took place, and it was not until the afternoon that all was prepared, and Mrs. Campbell and her nieces were conducted down to the *bateaux*, which lay at the wharf, with the troops all ready on board of them. The Governor and his aides-de-camp, besides many other influential people of Quebec, escorted them down, and as soon as they had paid their adieus, the word was given, the soldiers in the *bateaux* gave three cheers, and away they went from the wharf into the stream. For a short time there was waving of handkerchiefs and other tokens of good-will on the part of those who were on the wharf; but that was soon left behind them, and the family found themselves separated from their acquaintances and silently listening to the measured sound of the oars, as they dropped into the water.

And it is not to be wondered at that they were silent, for all were occupied with their own thoughts. They called to mind the beautiful park at Wexton, which they had quitted, after having resided there so long and so happily; the hall, with all its splendour and all its comfort, rose up in their remembrance; each room with its furniture, each window with its view, was recalled to their memories; they had crossed the Atlantic, and were now about to leave civilization and comfort behind them—to isolate themselves in the Canadian woods—to trust to their own resources, their own society, and their own exertions. It was, indeed, the commencement of a new life, and for which they felt themselves little adapted, after the luxuries they had enjoyed in their former condition; but if their thoughts and reminiscences made them grave and silent, they did not make them despairing or repining; they trusted to that Power who alone could protect—who gives and who takes away, and doeth with us as he judges best; and if hope was not buoyant in all of them, still there was confidence, resolution, and resignation. Gradually they were roused from their reveries by the beauty of the scenery and the novelty of what met their sight; the songs, also, of the Canadian boatmen were musical and cheering, and by degrees, they had all recovered their usual good spirits.

Alfred was the first to shake off his melancholy feelings and to attempt to remove them from others; nor was he unsuccessful. The officer who commanded the detachment of troops, and who was in the same *bateau* with the family, had respected their silence upon their departure from the wharf—perhaps he felt much as they did. His name was Sinclair, and his rank that of senior captain in the regiment—a handsome, florid young man, tall and well made, very gentleman-like, and very gentle in his manners.

"How very beautiful the foliage is on that point, mother," said Alfred, first breaking the silence; "what a contrast between the leaves of the sycamore, so transparent and yellow, with the sun behind them, and the new shoots of the spruce fir."

"It is, indeed, very lovely," replied Mrs. Campbell; "and the branches of the trees, feathering down as they do to the surface of the water"—

"Like good Samaritans," said Emma, "extending their arms, that any unfortunate drowning person who was swept away by the stream might save himself by their assistance."

"I had no idea that trees had so much charity or reflection, Emma," rejoined Alfred.

"I cannot answer for their charity, but, by the side of this clear water, you must allow them reflection, cousin," replied Emma.

"I presume you will add vanity to their attributes?" answered Alfred; "for they certainly appear to be hanging over the stream that they may look and admire themselves in the glassy mirror."

"Pretty well that for a midshipman; I was not aware that they used such choice language in a cockpit," retorted the young lady.

"Perhaps not, cousin," answered Alfred; "but when sailors are in the company of ladies, they become refined, from the association."

"Well, I must admit, Alfred, that you are a great deal more polished after you have been a month on shore."

"Thank you, cousin Emma, even for that slight admission," replied Alfred, laughing.

"But what is that?" said Mary Percival, "at the point, is it a village—one, two, three houses—just opening upon us?"

"That is a raft, Miss Percival, which is coming down the river," replied Capt. Sinclair. "You will see, when we are nearer to it, that perhaps it covers two acres of water, and there are three tiers of timber on it. These rafts are worth many thousand pounds. They are first framed with logs, fastened by wooden treenails, and the timber placed within the frame. There are, perhaps, from forty to a hundred people on this raft to guide it down the stream, and the houses you see are built on it for the accommodation of these people. I have seen as many as fifteen houses upon a raft, which will sometimes contain the cargoes of thirty or forty large ships."

"It is very wonderful how they guide and direct it down the stream," said Mr. Campbell.

"It is very dexterous; and it seems strange that such an enormous mass can be so guided, but it is done, as you will perceive; there are three or four rudders made of long sweeps, and, as you may observe, several sweeps on each side."

All the party were now standing up in the stern-sheets of the *bateau* to look at the people on the raft, who amounted to about fifty or sixty men—now running over the top to one side, and dragging at the sweeps, which required the joint power of seven or eight men to each of them—now passing again over to the opposite sweeps, as directed by the steersmen.

The *bateau* kept well in to the shore, out of the way, and the raft passed them very quickly. As soon as it was clear of the point, as their course to Quebec was now straight, and there was a slight breeze down the river, the people on board of the raft hoisted ten or fifteen sails upon different masts, to assist them in their descent; and this again excited the admiration of the party.

The conversation now became general, until the *bateaux* were made fast to the shores of the river, while the men took their dinners, which had been prepared for them before they left Quebec. After a repose of two hours, they again started, and at nightfall arrived at St. Anne's, where they found every thing ready for their reception. Although their beds were composed of the leaves of the maize or Indian corn, they were so tired that they found them very comfortable, and at daylight arose, quite refreshed and anxious to continue their route.

Martin Super, who, with the two youngest boys, had been placed in a separate boat, had been very attentive to the comforts of the ladies after their debarkation; and it appeared that he had quite won the hearts of the two boys by his amusing anecdotes during the day.

Soon after their embarkation, the name of Pontiac being again mentioned by Capt. Sinclair, Mrs. Campbell observed—

"Our man Super mentioned that name before. I confess that I do not know any thing of Canadian affairs: I know only that Pontiac was an Indian chief. Can you, Capt. Sinclair, give us any information relative to a person who appears so well known in the province?"

"I shall be happy, Mrs. Campbell, as far as I am able, to satisfy you. On one point, I can certainly speak with confidence, as my uncle was one of the detachment in the fort of Detroit at the time that it was so nearly surprised, and he has often told the history of the affair in my presence. Pontiac was chief of all the Lake tribes of Indians. I will not repeat the names of the different tribes, but his own particular tribe was that of the Ottawas. He ruled at the time that the Canadas were surrendered to us by the French. At first, although very proud and haughty, and claiming the sovereignty of the country, he was very civil to the English, or at least appeared so to be; for the French had given us so bad a reputation with all the northern tribes, that they had hitherto shewn nothing but the most determined hostility, and appeared to hate our very name. They are now inclined to quiet, and it is to be hoped their fear of us, after the several conflicts between us, will induce them to remain so. You are, perhaps, aware that the French had built many forts at the most commanding spots in the interior and on the lakes, all of which, when they gave up the country, were garrisoned by our troops, to keep the Indians under control.

“ All these forts are isolated, and communication between them is rare. It was in 1763 that Pontiac first shewed his hostility against us, and his determination, if possible, to drive us from the lakes. He was as cunning as he was brave; and, as an Indian, shewed more generalship than might be expected—that is, according to their system of war, which is always based upon stratagem. His plan of operation was, to surprise all our forts at the same time, if he possibly could; and so excellent were his arrangements, that it was only fifteen days after the plan was first laid that he succeeded in gaining possession of all but three; that is, he surprised ten out of thirteen forts. Of course, the attacks were made by other chiefs, under his directions, as Pontiac could not be at all the simultaneous assaults.”

"Did he murder the garrisons, Capt. Sinclair?" said Alfred.

"The major portion of them: some were spared, and afterwards were ransomed at high prices. I ought to have mentioned, as a singular instance of the advance of this chief in comparison with the other Indians, that at this time he issued bills of credit on slips of bark, signed with his totem, the otter; and that these bills, unlike many of more civilized society, were all taken up and paid."

"That is very remarkable in a savage," observed Mrs. Campbell; "but how did Pontiac contrive to surprise all the forts?"

"Almost the whole of them were taken by a singular stratagem. The Indians are very partial to, and exceedingly dexterous at, a game called the 'Baggatiway:' it is played with a ball and a long-handled sort of racket. They divide into two parties, and the object of each party is to drive the ball to their own goal. It is something like hurly in England or golf in Scotland. Many hundreds are sometimes engaged on both sides; and the Europeans are so fond of seeing the activity and dexterity shewn by the Indians at this game, that it was very common to request them to play it, when they happened to be near the forts. Upon this, Pontiac arranged his plan, which was that his Indians should commence the game of ball under the forts, and after playing a short time, strike the ball into the fort: of course, some of them would go in for it; and having done this two or three times, and recommenced the play to avoid suspicion, they were to strike it over again, and follow it up by a rush after it through the gates; and then, when they were all in, they would draw their concealed weapons, and overpower the unsuspicious garrison."

"It was certainly a very ingenious stratagem," observed Mrs. Campbell.

“And it succeeded, as I have observed, except on three forts. The one which Pontiac directed the attack upon himself, and which was that which he was most anxious to obtain, was Detroit, in which, as I have before observed, my uncle was garrisoned; but there he failed, and by a singular circumstance.”

“Pray tell us how, Captain Sinclair,” said Emma; “you don’t know how much you have interested me.”

“And me, too, Captain Sinclair,” continued Mary.

“I am very happy that I have been able to wear away any portion of your tedious journey, Miss Percival, so I shall proceed with my history.

“The fort of Detroit was garrisoned by about three hundred men, when Pontiac arrived there with a large force of Indians, and encamped under the walls, but he had his warriors so mixed up with the women and children, and brought so many articles for trade, that no suspicion was created. The garrison had not heard of the capture of the other forts which had already taken place. At the same time the unusual number of the Indians was pointed out to Major Gladwin, who commanded the fort, but he had no suspicions. Pontiac sent word to the major, that he wished to 'have a talk' with him, in order to cement more fully the friendship between the Indians and the English; and to this Major Gladwin consented, appointing the next day to receive Pontiac and his chiefs in the fort.

"Now it so happened, that Major Gladwin had employed an Indian woman to make him a pair of moccassins out of a very curious-marked elk-skin. The Indian woman brought him the mocassins with the remainder of the skin. The major was so pleased with them that he ordered her to make him a second pair of mocassins out of the skin, and then told her that she might keep the remainder for herself. The woman having received the order, quitted the major, but instead of leaving the fort, remained loitering about till she was observed, and they inquired why she did not go. She replied, that she wanted to return the rest of the skin, as he set so great a value on it; and as this appeared strange conduct, she was questioned, and then she said, that if she took away the skin then, she never would be able to return it.

"Major Gladwin sent for the woman, upon hearing of the expressions which she had used, and it was evident that she wanted to communicate something, but was afraid; but on being pressed hard and encouraged, and assured of protection, she then informed Major Gladwin, that Pontiac and his chiefs were to come into the fort to-morrow, under the plea of holding a talk; but that they had cut the barrels of their rifles short, to conceal them under their blankets, and that it was their intention at a signal given by Pontiac to murder Major Gladwin and all his officers who were at the council; while the other warriors, who would also come into the fort with concealed arms under pretence of trading, would attack the garrison outside.

"Having obtained this information, Major Gladwin did all he could to put the fort into a state of defence, and took every necessary precaution. He made known to the officers and men what the intentions of the Indians were, and instructed the officers how to act at the council, and the garrison how to meet the pretended traders outside.

"About ten o'clock, Pontiac and his thirty-six chiefs, with a train of warriors, came into the fort to their pretended council, and were received with great politeness. Pontiac made his speech, and when he came forward to present the wampum belt, the receipt of which by the Major was, as the Indian woman had informed them, to be the signal for the chiefs and warriors to commence the assault, the Major and his officers drew their swords half out of their scabbards, and the troops, with their muskets loaded and bayonets fixed, appeared outside and in the council-room, all ready to present. Pontiac, brave as he really was, turned pale: he perceived that he was discovered, and consequently, to avoid any open detection, he finished his speech with many professions of regard for the English. Major Gladwin then rose to reply to him, and immediately informed him that he was aware of his plot and his murderous intentions. Pontiac denied it; but Major Gladwin stepped to the chief, and drawing aside his blanket, exposed his rifle cut short, which left Pontiac and his chiefs without a word to say in reply. Major Gladwin then desired Pontiac to quit the fort immediately, as otherwise he should not be able to restrain the indignation of the soldiers, who would immolate him and all his followers who were outside of the fort. Pontiac and his chiefs did not wait for a second intimation, but made all the haste they could to get outside of the gates."

"Was it prudent in Major Gladwin to allow Pontiac and his chiefs to leave, after they had come into the fort with an intent to murder him and his men?" said Henry Campbell. "Would not the Major have been justified in detaining them?"

"I certainly think he would have been, and so did my uncle, but Major Gladwin thought otherwise. He said that he had promised safe conduct and protection to and from the fort before he was aware of the conspiracy; and, having made a promise, his honour would not allow him to depart from it."

"At all events, the Major, if he erred, erred on the right side," observed Alfred. "I think myself that he was too scrupulous, and that I in his place should have detained some of them, if not Pontiac himself, as a hostage for the good behaviour of the rest of the tribes."

"The result proved that if Major Gladwin had done so he would have done wisely; for the next day, Pontiac, not at all disarmed by Major Gladwin's clemency, made a most furious attack upon the fort. Every stratagem was resorted to, but the attack failed. Pontiac then invested it, cut off all their supplies, and the garrison was reduced to great distress. But I must break off now, for here we are at Trois Rivières, where we shall remain for the night. I hope you will not find your accommodations very uncomfortable, Mrs. Campbell: I fear as we advance you will have to put up with worse."

"And we are fully prepared for it, Captain Sinclair," replied Mr. Campbell; "but my wife and my nieces have too much good sense to expect London hotels in the wilds of Canada."

The *bateaux* were now on shore, and the party landed to pass the night at the small stockaded village of Trois Rivières.

CHAPTER VIII.

Captain Sinclair having stated that they would have a longer journey on the following day, and that it would be advisable to start as soon as possible, they rose at daylight, and in half an hour had breakfasted and were again in the boats. Soon after they had pushed into the stream and hoisted the sails, for the wind was fair, Mr. Campbell inquired how far they had to go on that day?

"About fifty miles if we possibly can," replied Captain Sinclair. "We have made seventy-two miles in the first two days; but from here to Montreal, it is about ninety, and we are anxious to get the best part over to-day, so that we may land on a cleared spot which we know of, and that I feel quite sure in; for I regret to say, you must trust to your tents and your own bedding for this night, as there is no habitation large enough to receive us on the river's side, anywhere near where we wish to arrive."

"Never mind, Captain Sinclair, we shall sleep very sound, I dare say," replied Mrs. Campbell; "but where do all the rest of the party sleep?—there is only one tent."

"Oh! never mind the rest of the party; we are used to it, and your gentlemen won't mind it; some will sleep in the *bateaux*, some at the fire, some will watch and not sleep at all."

After some further conversation, Mary Percival observed to Captain Sinclair: "You had not, I believe, Captain Sinclair, quite finished your account of Pontiac where you left off yesterday, at the time when he was blockading the Fort of Detroit. Will you oblige us by stating what afterwards took place?"

"With great pleasure, Miss Percival. There was great difficulty in relieving the fort, as all communication had been cut off; at last the Governor sent his aide-de-camp, Captain Dalyell, who contrived to throw himself in the fort with about two hundred and fifty men. He shortly afterwards sallied out to attack the entrenchments of the Indians, but Pontiac having received intelligence of his intention, laid an ambuscade for him, beat back the troops with great loss, and poor Dalyell fell in the combat, that took place near a bridge which still goes by the name of Bloody Bridge. Pontiac cut off the head of Captain Dalyell, and set it upon a post."

"So much for Major Gladwin's extreme sense of honour," exclaimed Alfred; "had he detained Pontiac as a prisoner, nothing of this would have happened."

"I agree with you, Mr. Alfred," replied Captain Sinclair, "it was letting loose a wolf; but Major Gladwin thought he was doing what was right, and therefore cannot be well blamed. After this defeat, the investment was more strict than ever, and the garrison suffered dreadfully. Several vessels which were sent out to supply the garrison fell into the hands of Pontiac, who treated the men very cruelly. What with the loss of men and constant watching, as well as the want of provisions, the garrison was reduced to the greatest privations. At last a schooner came off with supplies, which Pontiac as usual attacked with his warriors in their canoes. The schooner was obliged to stand out again, but the Indians followed, and by their incessant fire killed or wounded almost every man on board of her, and at length boarded and took possession.

As they were climbing up the shrouds and over the gunnel of the vessel, the captain of the vessel, who was a most determined man, and resolved not to fall into the hands of the Indians, called out to the gunner to set fire to the magazine, and blow them all up together. This order was heard by one of Pontiac's chiefs acquainted with English; he cried out to the other Indians, and sprang away from the vessel; the other Indians followed him, and hurried away in their canoes, or by swimming as fast as they could from the vessel. The captain took advantage of the wind and arrived safe at the fort; and thus was the garrison relieved and those in the fort saved from destruction by the courage of this one man."

"You say that Pontiac is now dead, at least Martin Super told us so. How did he die, Captain Sinclair?" inquired Mrs. Campbell.

"He was killed by an Indian, but it is difficult to say why. For many years he had made friends with us and had received a liberal pension from the Government; but it appears that his hatred against the English had again broken out, and in a council held by the Indians, he proposed assailing us anew. After he had spoken, an Indian buried his knife in his heart, but whether to gratify a private animosity or to avoid a further warfare with those who had always thinned their tribes, it is difficult to ascertain. One thing is certain, that most of the Indian animosity against the English is buried with him."

"Thank you, Captain Sinclair," said Mary Percival, "for taking so much trouble. I think Pontiac's history is a very interesting one."

"There was much to admire and much to deplore in his character, and we must not judge the Indian too harshly. He was formed for command, and possessed great courage and skill in all his arrangements, independent of his having the tact to keep all the Lake tribes of Indians combined,—no very easy task. That he should have endeavoured to drive us away from those lands of which he considered himself (and very correctly too) as the sovereign, is not to be wondered at, especially as our encroachments daily increased. The great fault of his character, in our eyes, was his treachery; but we must remember that the whole art of Indian warfare is based upon stratagem."

"But his attacking the fort after he had been so generously dismissed when his intentions were known, was surely very base,"—remarked Mrs. Campbell.

"What we consider a generous dismissal, he probably mistook for folly and weakness. The Indians have no idea of generosity in warfare. Had Pontiac been shot, he would have died bravely, and he had no idea that, because Major Gladwin did not think proper to take his life, he was therefore bound to let us remain in possession of his lands. But whatever treachery the Indians consider allowable and proper in warfare, it is not a portion of the Indian's character; for, at any other time his hospitality and good faith are not to be doubted, if he pledges himself for your safety. It is a pity that they are not Christians. Surely it would make a great improvement in a character which, even in its unenlightened state, has in it much to be admired.

"When the form of worship and creed is simple, it is difficult to make converts, and the Indian is a clear reasoner. I once had a conversation with one of the chiefs on the subject. After we had conversed some time, he said, 'You believe in one God—so do we; you call him one name—we call him another; we don't speak the same language, that is the reason. You say, suppose you do good, you go to land of Good Spirits—we say so too. Then Indians and Yangees (that is, English) both try to gain same object, only try in not the same way. Now I think that it much better that as we all go along together, that every man paddle his own canoe. That my thought.'"

"It is, as you say, Captain Sinclair, difficult to argue with men who look so straight forward and are so practical in their ideas. Nevertheless," said Mrs. Campbell, "a false creed must often lead to false conduct; and whatever is estimable in the Indian character would be strengthened and improved by the infusion of Christian principles and Christian hopes,—so that I must still consider it very desirable that the Indians should become Christians,—and I trust that by judicious and discreet measures such a result may gradually be brought about."

It was two hours before sunset when they arrived at the spot at which they intended to pass the night; they landed, and some of the soldiers were employed in setting up the tent on a dry hillock, while others collected logs of wood for the fire. Martin Super brought on shore the bedding, and, assisted by Alfred and Henry, placed it in the tent. Captain Sinclair's canteen provided sufficient articles to enable them to make tea, and in less than half an hour the kettle was on the fire. As soon as they had partaken of these refreshments and the contents of a basket of provisions procured at Trois Rivières, the ladies retired for the night. Captain Sinclair stationed sentinels at different posts as a security from any intruders, and then the remainder of the troops with the other males composing the party lay down with their feet towards a large fire, composed of two or three trunks of trees, which blazed for many yards in height. In a short time all was quiet, and all were in repose except the sentinels, the sergeant and corporal, and Captain Sinclair, who relieved each other.

The night passed without any disturbance, and the next morning they reimbarked and pursued their course. Before sunset, they arrived at the town of Montreal, where it had been arranged that they should wait a day. Mr. Campbell had a few purchases to make here, which he completed. It had been his intention also, to procure two of the small Canadian horses, but by the advice of Captain Sinclair, he abandoned the idea. Captain Sinclair pointed out to him, that having no forage or means of subsistence for the animals, they would be a great expense to him during the first year without being of much use; and further, that in all probability, when the garrison was relieved at Fort Frontignac on the following year, the officers would be too glad to part with their horses at a lower price than what they could be purchased for at Montreal. Having a letter of introduction to the Governor, they received every attention. The society was almost wholly French; and many of the inhabitants called out of politeness, or to satisfy their curiosity. The French ladies shrugged up their shoulders and exclaimed, "Est-il possible?" when they heard that the Campbells were about to proceed to such a distant spot and settle upon it. The French gentlemen told the Miss Campbells that it was a great sacrifice to bury so much beauty in the wilderness; but what they said had little effect upon any of the party. Captain Sinclair offered to remain another day if Mr. Campbell wished it; but, on the contrary, he was anxious to arrive as soon as possible at his destination; and the following morning they again embarked, having now about three hundred and sixty miles to ascend against the current and the occasional rapids. It would take too much space if I were to narrate all that took place during their difficult ascent; how they were sometimes obliged to land and carry the cargoes of the boats; how one or two *bateaux* were upset and some of their stores lost; and how their privations increased on each following day of the journey. I have too much to relate to enter into this portion of the narrative, although there might be much interest in the detail; it will be sufficient to say that, after sixteen days of some peril and much fatigue, and of considerable suffering, from the clouds of musquitoes which assailed them during the night, they were landed safely at Fort Frontignac, and treated with every attention by the commandant, who had received letters from the Governor of Quebec, desiring him to do all that he possibly could to serve them. The commandant, Colonel Foster, had shewed Mr. Campbell and his party the rooms which had been provided for them, and now, for the first time after many days, they found themselves all together and alone.

After a short conversation, in which they canvassed and commented upon the kindness which they had received, and the difficulties which they had, in consequence, surmounted, during their long and tedious journey from Quebec, Mr. Campbell observed: " My dear wife and children, we have thus far proceeded without serious casualty: it has pleased the Almighty to conduct us safely over a boisterous sea, to keep our spirits up by providing us with unexpected friends and support, and we have now arrived within a few miles of our destination. But let us not suppose that our perils and difficulties are terminated; on the contrary, without wishing to dishearten you, I feel that they are about to commence. We have much privation, much fatigue, and, perhaps, much danger to encounter, before we can expect to be in comfort or in security; but we must put our trust in that gracious Providence which has hitherto so mercifully preserved us, and at the same time not relax in our own energy and industry, which must ever accompany our faith in the Divine aid. It is long since we have had an opportunity of being gathered together and alone. Let us seize this opportunity of pouring out our thanks to God for his mercies already vouchsafed, and praying for a continuance of his protection. Even in the wilderness, let us walk with him, trust in him, and ever keep him in our thoughts. We must bear in mind that this entire life is but a pilgrimage; that if, during its course, we should meet with affliction or distress, it is his appointment, and designed undoubtedly for our good. It is our wisdom, as well as duty, to submit patiently to whatever may befal us, never losing our courage or becoming disheartened by suffering, but trusting to the mercy and power of Him who can and will, at his own good time, deliver us from evil." Mr. Campbell knelt down, surrounded by his family, and, in a fervent and feeling address, poured forth his thanksgiving for past mercies and humble solicitation for further assistance. So powerful and so eloquent were his words that the tears coursed down the cheeks of his wife and nieces; and when he had finished, all their hearts were so full, that they retired to their beds without further exchange of words than receiving his blessing, and wishing each other good night.

CHAPTER IX.

The party were so refreshed by once more sleeping upon good beds, that they were up and dressed very early, and shortly after seven o'clock were all collected upon the rampart of the fort, surveying the landscape, which was indeed very picturesque and beautiful. Before them, to their left, the lake was spread, an inland sea, lost in the horizon, now quite calm, and near to the shores studded with small islands covered with verdant foliage, and appearing as if they floated upon the transparent water. To the westward, and in front of them, were the clearings belonging to the fort, backed with the distant woods: a herd of cattle were grazing on a portion of the cleared land; the other was divided off by a snake fence, as it is termed, and was under cultivation. Here and there a log-building was raised as a shelter for the animals during the winter, and at half a mile's distance was a small fort, surrounded with high palisades, intended as a place of retreat and security for those who might be in charge of the cattle, in case of danger or surprise. Close to the fort, a rapid stream, now from the freshets overflowing its banks, poured down its waters into the lake, running its course through a variety of shrubs and larches and occasional elms which lined its banks. The sun shone bright—the woodpeckers flew from tree to tree, or clung to the rails of the fences—the belted kingfisher darted up and down over the running stream—and the chirping and wild notes of various birds were heard on every side of them.

"This is very beautiful, is it not?" said Mrs. Campbell; "surely it cannot be so great a hardship to live in a spot like this?"

"Not if it were always so, perhaps, Madam," said Colonel Forster, who had joined the party as Mrs. Campbell made the observation. "But Canada in the month of June is very different from Canada in January. That we find our life monotonous in this fort, separated as we are from the rest of the world, I admit, and the winters are so long and severe as to tire out our patience; but soldiers must do their duty whether burning under the tropics or freezing in the wilds of Canada. It cannot be a very agreeable life, when even the report of danger near to us becomes a pleasurable feeling from the excitement it causes for the moment.

"I have been talking, Mr. Campbell, with Captain Sinclair, and find you have much to do before the short summer is over, to be ready to meet the coming winter; more than you can well do with your limited means. I am happy that my instructions from the Governor will permit me to be of service to you. I propose that the ladies shall remain here, while you, with such assistance as I can give, proceed to your allotment, and prepare for their reception."

"A thousand thanks for your kind offer, Colonel—but no, no, we will all go together," interrupted Mrs. Campbell; "we can be useful, and we will remain in the tents till the house is built. Do not say a word more, Colonel Forster, that is decided; although I again return you many thanks for your kind offer."

"If such is the case, I have only to observe that I shall send a fatigue party of twelve men, which I can well spare for a few weeks, to assist you in your labours," replied Colonel Forster. "Their remuneration will not put you to a very great expense. Captain Sinclair has volunteered to take charge of it."

"Many thanks, Sir," replied Mr. Campbell; "and as you observe that we have no time to lose, with your permission we will start to-morrow morning."

"I certainly shall not dissuade you," replied the commandant, "although I did hope that I should have had the pleasure of your company for a little longer. You are aware that I have the Governor's directions to supply you with cattle from our own stock, at a fair price. I hardly need say that you may select as you please."

"And I," said Captain Sinclair, who had been in conversation with Mary Percival, and who now addressed Mr. Campbell, "have been making another collection for you from my brother officers, which you were not provided with, and will find very useful, I may say absolutely necessary."

"What may that be, Captain Sinclair?" said Mr. Campbell.

"A variety of dogs of every description. I have a pack of five; and, although not quite so handsome as your pet dogs in England, you will find them well acquainted with the country, and do their duty well. I have a pointer, a bull-dog, two terriers, and a fox-hound—all of them of good courage and ready to attack catamount, wolf, lynx, or even a bear, if required."

"It is, indeed, a very valuable present," replied Mr. Campbell, "and you have our sincere thanks."

"The cows you had better select before you go, unless you prefer that I should do it for you," observed Colonel Forster. "They shall be driven over in a day or two, as I presume the ladies will wish to have milk. By-the-bye, Mr. Campbell, I must let you into a secret. The wild onions which grow so plentifully in this country, and which the cattle are very fond of, give a very unpleasant taste to the milk.

You may remove it by heating the milk as soon as it has been drawn from the cows."

"Many thanks, Colonel, for your information," replied Mr. Campbell, "for I certainly have no great partiality to the flavour of onions in milk."

A summons to breakfast broke up the conversation. During the day, Henry and Alfred, assisted by Captain Sinclair and Martin Super, were very busy in loading the two *bateaux* with the stores, tents, and various trunks of linen and other necessaries which they had brought with them. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, with the girls, were equally busy in selecting and putting on one side articles for immediate use on their arrival at the allotment. As they were very tired, they went to bed early, that they might be ready for the next day's re-embarkation; and after breakfast, having taken leave of the kind commandant and the other officers, they went down to the shore of the lake, and embarked with Captain Sinclair in the commandant's boat, which had been prepared for them. Martin Super, Alfred, and Henry, with the five dogs, went on board of the two *bateaux*, which were manned by the corporal and twelve soldiers, lent by the commandant to Mr. Campbell. The weather was beautifully fine, and they set off in high spirits. The distance by water was not more than three miles, although by land it was nearly five, and in half an hour they entered the cove adjoining to which the allotment lay.

"There is the spot, Mrs. Campbell, which is to be your future residence," said Captain Sinclair, pointing with his hand; "you observe where that brook runs down into the lake, that is your eastern boundary; the land on the other side is the property of the old hunter we have spoken of. You see his little log-hut, not much bigger than an Indian lodge, and the patch of Indian corn now sprung out of the ground which is inclosed by the fence. This portion appears not to be of any use to him, as he has no cattle of any kind, unless indeed they have gone into the bush; but I think some of our men said that he lived entirely by the chase, and that he has an Indian wife."

"Well," said Emma Percival, laughing, "female society is what we never calculated upon. What is the man's name?"

"Malachi Bone," replied Captain Sinclair. "I presume you expect Mrs. Bone to call first?"

"She ought to do so, if she knows the *usage* of society," replied Emma; "but if she does not, I think I shall waive ceremony and go and see her. I have great curiosity to make acquaintance with an Indian squaw."

"You may be surprised to hear me say so, Miss Emma, but I assure you, without having ever seen her, that you will find her perfectly well bred. All the Indian women are—their characters are a compound of simplicity and reserve.—Keep the boat's head more to the right, Selby, we will land close to that little knoll."

The commandant's boat had pulled much faster, and was a long way ahead of the *bateaux*. In a few minutes afterwards they had all disembarked, and were standing on the knoll, surveying their new property. A portion of about thirty acres, running along the shore of the lake, was what is termed natural prairie, or meadow of short fine grass; the land immediately behind the meadow was covered with brushwood for about three hundred yards, and then rose a dark and impervious front of high timber which completely confined the landscape. The allotment, belonging to the old hunter on the opposite side of the brook, contained about the same portion of natural meadow, and was in other respects but a continuation of the portion belonging to Mr. Campbell.

"Well," said Martin Super, as soon as he had come up to the party on the knoll, for the *bateaux* had now arrived, "I reckon, Mr. Campbell, that you are in luck to have this piece of grass. It would have taken no few blows of the axe to have cleared it away out of such a wood as that behind us. Why, it's as good as a fortune to a new settler."

"I think it is, Martin," replied Mr. Campbell.

"Well, Sir, now to work as soon as you please, for a day is a day, and must not be lost. I'll go to the wood with five or six of the men who can handle an axe, and begin to cut down, leaving you and the captain there to decide where the house is to be; the other soldiers will be putting up the tents all ready for to-night, for you must not expect a house over your heads till next full moon."

In a quarter of an hour all were in motion. Henry and Alfred took their axes, and followed Martin Super and half of the soldiers; the others were busy landing the stores and pitching the tents, while Captain Sinclair and Mr. Campbell were surveying the ground, that they might choose a spot for the erection of the house. Mrs. Campbell remained sitting on the knoll, watching the debarkation of the packages; and Percival, by her directions, brought to her those articles which were for immediate use. Mary and Emma Percival, accompanied by John, as they had no task allotted for them, walked up by the side of the stream towards the wood.

"I wish I had my box," said John, who had been watching the running water.

"Why do you want your box, John?" said Mary.

"For my hooks in my box," replied John.

"Why, do you see any fish in this small stream?" said Emma.

"Yes," replied John, walking on before them.

Mary and Emma followed him, now and then stopping to pick a flower unknown to them: when they overtook John, he was standing immovable, pointing to a figure on the other side of the stream, as fixed and motionless as himself.

The two girls started back as they beheld a tall, gaunt man, dressed in deer hides, who stood leaning upon a long gun with his eyes fixed upon them. His face was browned and weather-beaten—indeed so dark, that it was difficult to say if he were of the Indian race or not.

"It must be the hunter, Emma," said Mary Percival; "he is not dressed like the Indians we saw at Quebec."

"It must be," replied Emma; "won't he speak?"

"We will wait and see," replied Mary. They did wait for a minute or more, but the man neither spoke nor shifted his position.

"I will speak to him, Mary," said Emma at last. "My good man, you are Malachi Bone, are you not?"

"That's my name," replied the hunter in a deep voice; "and who on earth are you, and what are you doing here? Is it a frolic from the fort, or what is it, that causes all this disturbance?"

"Disturbance!—why we don't make a great deal of noise; no, it's no frolic; we are come to settle here, and shall be your neighbours."

"To settle here!—why, what on earth do you mean, young woman? Settle here!—not you, surely."

"Yes, indeed, we are. Don't you know Martin Super, the trapper? He is with us, and now at work in the woods getting ready for raising the house, as you call it.—Do you know, Mary," said Emma in a low tone to her sister, "I'm almost afraid of that man, although I do speak so boldly."

"Martin Super—yes, I know him," replied the hunter, who without any more ceremony threw his gun into the hollow of his arm, turned round, and walked away in the direction of his own hut.

"Well, Mary," observed Emma, after a pause of a few seconds, during which they watched the receding form of the hunter, "the old gentleman is not over-polite. Suppose we go back and narrate our first adventure?"

"Let us walk up to where Alfred and Martin Super are at work, and tell them," replied Mary.

They soon gained the spot where the men were felling the trees, and made known to Alfred and Martin what had taken place.

"He is angered, Miss," observed Martin;

"I guessed as much; well, if he don't like it he must squat elsewhere."

"How do you mean squat elsewhere?"

"I mean, Miss, that if he don't like company so near him, he must shift and build his wigwam further off."

"But, why should he not like company? I should have imagined that it would be agreeable rather than otherwise," replied Mary Perceval.

"You may think so, Miss; but Malachi Bone thinks otherwise; and it's very natural; a man who has lived all his life in the woods, all alone, his eye never resting, his ear ever watching; catching at every sound, even to the breaking of a twig or the falling of a leaf; sleeping with his finger on his trigger and one eye half open, gets used to no company but his own, and can't abide it. I recollect the time that I could not. Why, Miss, when a man hasn't spoken a word perhaps for months, talking is a fatigue, and, when he hasn't heard a word spoken for months, listening is as bad. It's all custom, Miss, and Malachi, as I guessed, don't like it, and so he's *rily* and angered. I will go see him after the work is over."

"But he has his wife, Martin, has he not?"

"Yes; but she's an Indian wife, Master Alfred, and Indian wives don't speak unless they're spoken to."

"What a recommendation," said Alfred, laughing; "I really think I shall look after an Indian wife, Emma."

"I think you had better," replied Emma. "You'd be certain of a quiet house,—when *you* were out of it,—and when at home, you would have all the talk to yourself, which is just what you like. Come, Mary, let us leave him to dream of his squaw."

The men selected by the commandant of the fort were well used to handle the axe; before dusk, many trees had been felled, and were ready for sawing into lengths. The tents had all been pitched: those for the Campbells on the knoll we have spoken of; Captain Sinclair's and that for the soldiers about a hundred yards distant; the fires were lighted, and as the dinner had been cold, a hot supper was prepared by Martin and Mrs. Campbell, assisted by the girls and the younger boys. After supper they all retired to an early bed; Captain Sinclair having put a man as sentry, and the dogs having been tied at different places that they might give the alarm if there was any danger; which, however, was not anticipated, as the Indians had for some time been very quiet in the neighbourhood of Fort Frontignac.

CHAPTER X.

The next morning, when they assembled at breakfast, after Mr. Campbell had read the prayers, Mary Percival said, "Did you hear that strange and loud noise last night? I was very much startled with it; but, as nobody said a word, I held my tongue."

"Nobody said a word, because every body was fast asleep, I presume," said Alfred; "I heard nothing."

"It was like the sound of cart-wheels at a distance, with whistling and hissing," continued Mary.

"I think I can explain it to you, as I was up during the night, Miss Percival," said Captain Sinclair. "It is a noise you must expect every night during the summer season; but one to which you will soon be accustomed."

"Why, what was it?"

"Frogs,—nothing more; except, indeed, the hissing, which, I believe, is made by the lizards. They will serenade you every night. I only hope you will not be disturbed by any thing more dangerous."

"Is it possible that such small creatures can make such a din?"

"Yes; when thousands join in the concert; I may say millions."

"Well, I thank you for the explanation, Captain Sinclair, as it has been some relief to my mind."

After breakfast, Martin (we shall for the future leave out his surname) informed Mr. Campbell that he had seen Malachi Bone, the hunter, who had expressed great dissatisfaction at their arrival, and his determination to quit the place if they remained.

"Surely, he hardly expects us to quit the place to please him."

"No," replied Martin; "but if he were cankered in disposition, which I will say Malachi is not, he might make it very unpleasant for you to remain, by bringing the Indians about you."

"Surely, he would not do that," said Mrs. Campbell.

"No, I don't think he would," replied Martin; "because, you see, it's just as easy for him to go further off."

"But why should we drive him away from his property any more than we leave our own?" observed Mrs. Campbell.

"He says he won't be crowded, Ma'am; he can't bear to be crowded."

"Why, there's a river between us."

"So there is, Ma'am, but still that's his feeling. I said to him, that if he would go, I dare say Mr. Campbell would buy his allotment of him, and he seems quite willing to part with it."

"It would be a great addition to your property, Mr. Campbell," observed Captain Sinclair. "In the first place, you would have the whole of the prairie and the right of the river on both sides, apparently of no consequence now, but as the country fills up, most valuable."

"Well," replied Mr. Campbell, "as I presume we shall remain here, or, at all events, those who survive me will, till the country fills up, I shall be most happy to make any arrangement with Bone for the purchase of his property."

"I'll have some more talk with him, Sir," replied Martin.

The second day was passed as was the first, in making preparations for erecting the house, which, now that they had obtained such unexpected help, was, by the advice of Captain Sinclair, considerably enlarged beyond the size originally intended. As Mr. Campbell paid the soldiers employed a certain sum per day for their labour, he had less scruple in employing them longer. Two of them were good carpenters, and a sawpit had been dug, that they might prepare the doors and the frames for the window-sashes which Mr. Campbell had taken the precaution to bring with him. On the third day, a boat arrived from the fort bringing the men's rations and a present of two fine bucks from the commandant. Captain Sinclair went in the boat to procure some articles which he required, and returned in the evening. The weather continued fine, and in the course of a week, a great deal of timber was cut and squared. During this time, Martin had several meetings with the old hunter, and it was agreed that he should sell his property to Mr. Campbell. Money he appeared to care little about—indeed it was useless to him; gunpowder, lead, flints, blankets, and tobacco, were the principal articles requested in the barter; the amount, however, was not precisely settled. An intimacy had been struck up between the old hunter and John; in what manner it was difficult to imagine, as they both were very sparing of their words; but this was certain, that John had contrived to get across the stream somehow or another, and was now seldom at home to his meals. Martin reported that he was in the lodge of the old hunter, and that he could come to no harm; so Mrs. Campbell was satisfied.

"But, what does he do there, Martin?" said Mrs. Campbell, as they were clearing away the table after supper.

"Just nothing but look at the squaw, or at

Malachi cleaning his gun, or any thing else he may see. He never speaks, that I know of, and that's why he suits old Malachi."

"He brought home a whole basket of trout this afternoon," observed Mary; "so he is not quite idle."

"No, Miss; he's fishing at daylight, and gives one-half to you and the other to old Bone. He'll make a crack hunter one of these days, as old Malachi says. He can draw the bead on the old man's rifle in good style already, I can tell you."

"How do you mean, Martin?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"I mean that he can fire pretty true, Ma'am, although it's a heavy gun for him to lift; a smaller one would be better for him."

"But, is he not too young to be trusted with a gun, uncle?" said Mary.

"No, Miss," interrupted Martin, "you can't be too young here; the sooner a boy is useful the better; and the boy with a gun is almost as good as a man; for the gun kills equally well if pointed true. Master Percival must have his gun as soon as I am at leisure to teach him."

"I wish you were at leisure now, Martin," cried Percival.

"You forget, aunt, that you promised to learn to load and fire a rifle yourself," said Mary.

"No, I do not; and I intend to keep my word, as soon as there is time; but John is so very young."

"Well, Mary, I suppose we must enlist too," said Emma.

"Yes; we'll be the female rifle brigade," replied Mary, laughing.

"I really quite like the idea," continued Emma; "I will put up with no impertinence, recollect, Alfred; excite my displeasure, and I shall take down my rifle."

"I suspect you will do more execution with your eyes, Emma," replied Alfred, laughing.

"Not upon a catamount, as Martin calls it. Pray, what is a catamount?"

"A painter, Miss."

"Oh! now I know; a catamount is a painter, and a painter is a leopard or a panther.—As I live, uncle, here comes the old hunter, with John trotting at his heels. I thought he would come at last. The visit is to me, I'm sure, for when we first met he was dumb with astonishment."

"He well might be," observed Captain Sinclair; "he has not often met with such objects as you and your sister in the woods."

"No," replied Emma; "an English squaw must be rather a rarity."

As she said this, old Malachi Bone came up, and seated himself, without speaking, placing his rifle between his knees.

"Your servant, Sir," said Mr. Campbell; "I hope you are well."

"What on earth makes you come here?" said Bone, looking round him. "You are not fit for the wilderness! Winter will arrive soon; and then you go back, I reckon."

"No, we shall not," replied Alfred, "for we have nowhere to go back to; besides, the people are too crowded where we came from, so we came here for more room."

"I reckon you'll crowd *me*," replied the hunter, "so I'll go farther."

"Well, Malachi, the gentleman will pay you for your clearing."

"I told you so," said Martin.

"Yes, you did; but I'd rather not have seen him or his goods."

"By goods, I suppose you mean us about you," said Emma.

"No, girl, I didn't mean you. I meant gunpowder and the like."

"I think, Emma, you are comprehended in the last word," said Alfred.

"That is more than you are, then, for he did not mention lead," retorted Emma.

"Martin Super, you know I did specify lead on the paper," said Malachi Bone.

"You did, and you shall have it," said Mr. Campbell. "Say what your terms are now, and I will close with you."

"Well, I'll leave that to Martin and you, stranger. I clear out to-morrow."

"To-morrow; and where do you go to?"

Malachi Bone pointed to the westward.

"You'll not hear my rifle," said the old hunter, after a pause; "but I'm thinking you'll never stay here. You don't know what an Ingen's life is; it an't fit for the like of you. No, there's not one of you, 'cept this boy," continued Malachi, putting his hand on John's head, "that's fit for the woods. Let him come to me. I'll make a hunter of him; won't I, Martin?"

"That you will, if they'll spare him to you."

"We cannot spare him altogether," replied Mr. Campbell, "but he shall visit you, if you wish it."

"Well, that's a promise; and I won't go so far as I thought I would. He has a good eye; I'll come for him."

The old man then rose up, and walked away, John following him, without exchanging a word with any of the party.

"My dear Campbell," said his wife, "what do you intend to do about John? You do not intend that the hunter should take him with him?"

"No, certainly not," replied Mr. Campbell; "but I see no reason why he should not be with him occasionally."

"It will be a very good thing for him to be so," said Martin. "If I may advise, let the boy come and go. The old man has taken a fancy to him, and will teach him his wood craft. It's as well to make a friend of Malachi Bone."

"Why, what good can he do us?" inquired Henry.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed, Sir; and a friend in the wilderness is not to be thrown away. Old Malachi is going further out, and if danger occurs, we shall know it from him, for the sake of the boy, and have his help too, if we need it.''

"There is much good sense in Martin Super's remarks, Mr. Campbell," observed Captain Sinclair. "You will then have Malachi Bone as an advanced guard, and the fort to fall back upon, if necessary to retreat."

"And, perhaps, the most useful education which he can receive to prepare him for his future life will be from the old hunter."

"The only one which he will take to kindly, at all events," observed Henry.

"Let him go, Sir; let him go," said Martin.

"I will give no positive answer, Martin," replied Mr. Campbell. "At all events, I will permit him to visit the old man; there can be no objection to that;—but it is bedtime."

CHAPTER XI.

We must pass over six weeks, during which the labour was continued without intermission, and the house was raised, of logs, squared and well fitted; the windows and doors were also put in, and the roof well covered in with large squares of birch-bark, firmly fixed on the rafters. The house consisted of one large room, as a dining-room, and the kitchen, with a floor of well-beaten clay, a smaller room, as a sitting-room, and three bed-rooms, all of which were floored; one of the largest of them fitted all round with bed-places against the walls, in the same way as on board of packets; this room was for the four boys, and had two spare bed-places in it. The others, which were for the two girls and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, were much smaller. But before the house was half built, a large outhouse adjoining to it had been raised to hold the stores which Mr. Campbell had brought with him, with a rough granary made above the store-room. The interior of the house was not yet fitted up, although the furniture had been put in, and the family slept in it, rough as it was, in preference to the tents, as they were very much annoyed with musquitoes. The stores were now safe from the weather, and they had a roof over their heads, which was the grand object that was to be obtained. The carpenters were still very busy fitting up the interior of the house, and the other men were splitting rails for a snake-fence and also selecting small timber for raising a high palisade round the premises. Martin had not been idle. The site of the house was just where the brushwood joined to the prairie, and Martin had been clearing it away and stacking it, and also collecting wood for winter fuel. It had been decided that the four cows, which had been driven round from the fort, should be housed during the winter in the small building on the other side of the stream, which had belonged to Malachi Bone, as it was surrounded with a high snake-fence, and sufficiently large to hold them and even more. The commandant had very kindly selected the most quiet cows to milk, and Mary and Emma Percival had already entered upon their duties: the milk had been put into the store-house until a dairy could be built up. A very neat bridge had been thrown across the stream, and every morning the two girls, generally attended by Henry, Alfred, or Captain Sinclair, crossed over, and soon became expert in their new vocation as dairy-maids. Altogether, things began to wear a promising appearance. Henry and Mr. Campbell had dug up as fast as Martin and Alfred cleared away the brushwood, and the garden had already been cropped with such few articles as could be put in at the season. The commandant had some pigs ready for the settlers as soon as they were ready to receive them, and had more than once come up in the boats to ascertain their progress and to offer any advice that he might consider useful.

We must not, however, forget Malachi Bone. The day after Bone had come to Mr. Campbell, Emma perceived him going away into the woods, with his rifle, followed by her cousin John, and being very curious to see his Indian wife, she persuaded Alfred and Captain Sinclair to accompany her and Mary to the other side of the stream. The great point was to know where to cross it, but as John had found out the means of so doing, it was to be presumed that there was a passage, and they set off to look for it. They found that, about half a mile up the stream, which there ran through the wood, a large tree had been blown down and laid across it, and, with the assistance of the young men, Mary and Emma passed it without much difficulty; they then turned back by the side of the stream until they approached the lodge of old Malachi. As they walked towards it, they could not perceive any one stirring; but at last a dog of the Indian breed began to bark; still nobody came out, and they arrived at the door of the lodge where the dog stood; when, sitting on the floor, they perceived the Indian girl whom they were in search of. She was very busy sewing a pair of mocassins out of deer leather. She appeared startled when she first saw Alfred; but when she perceived that the young ladies were with him, her confidence returned. She slightly bowed her head, and continued her work.

"How very young she is," said Emma; "why she cannot be more than eighteen years old."

"I doubt if she is so much," replied Captain Sinclair.

"She has a very modest, unaffected look, has she not, Alfred?" said Mary.

"Yes; I think there is something very prepossessing in her countenance."

"She is too young a wife for the old hunter, at all events," observed Alfred.

"That is not unusual among the Indians," said Captain Sinclair; "a very old chief will often have three or four young wives; they are to be considered more in the light of his servants than any thing else."

“But she must think us very rude to talk and stare at her in this manner; I suppose she cannot speak English.”

“I will speak to her in her own language, if she is a Chippeway or of any of the tribes about here, for they all have the same dialect,” said Captain Sinclair.

Captain Sinclair addressed her in the Indian language, and the Indian girl replied in a very soft voice.

“She says her husband is gone to bring home venison.”

“Tell her we are coming to live here, and will give her any thing she wants.”

Captain Sinclair again addressed her, and received her answer.

“She says that you are beautiful flowers, but not the wild flowers of the country, and that the cold winter will kill you.”

“Tell her she will find us alive next summer,” said Emma; “and, Captain Sinclair, give her this brooch of mine, and tell her to wear it for my sake."

Captain Sinclair gave the message and the ornament to the Indian girl, who replied, as she looked up and smiled at Emma,

"That she would never forget the beautiful lily who was so kind to the little strawberry-plant."

"Really her language is poetical and beautiful," observed Mary; "I have nothing to give her—Oh! yes, I have; here is my ivory needle-case, with some needles in it. Tell her it will be of use to her when she sews her mocassins. Open it and shew her what is inside."

"She says that she shall be able to work faster and better, and wishes to look at your foot, that she may be grateful; so put your foot out, Miss Percival."

Mary did so; the Indian girl examined it, and smiled and nodded her head.

"Oh, Captain Sinclair, tell her that the little boy who is gone with her husband is our cousin."

Captain Sinclair reported her answer, which was, "He will be a great hunter and bring home plenty of game by-and-by."

"Well, now tell her that we shall always be happy to see her, and that we are going home again; and ask her name, and tell her our own."

As Captain Sinclair interpreted, the Indian girl pronounced after him the names of Mary and Emma very distinctly. "She has your names, you perceive; her own, translated into English, is the Strawberry-plant."

They then nodded farewell to the young Indian, and returned home. On the second evening after their visit, as they were at supper, the conversation turned upon the hunter and his young Indian wife, when John, who had as usual been silent, suddenly broke out with "Goes away to-morrow!"

"They go away to-morrow, John; where do they go to?" said Mr. Campbell.

"Woods," replied John.

John was correct in his statement. Early the next morning, Malachi Bone, with his rifle on his shoulder and an axe in his hand, was seen crossing the prairie belonging to Mr. Campbell, followed by his wife, who was bent double under her burthen, which was composed of all the property which the old hunter possessed, tied up in blankets. He had left word the night before with Martin that he would come back in a few days, as soon as he had squatted, to settle the bargain for his allotment of land made over to Mr. Campbell. This was just before they had sat down to breakfast, and then they observed that John was missing.

"He was here just before prayers," said Mrs. Campbell. "He must have slipped away after the old hunter."

"No doubt of that, Ma'am," said Martin. "He will go with him and find out where he puts up his wigwam, and after that he will come back to you; so there is no use sending after him; indeed, we don't know which way to send."

Martin was right. Two days afterwards, John made his appearance again, and remained very quietly at home during the whole week, catching fish in the stream or practising with a bow and some arrows, which he had obtained from Malachi Bone; but the boy appeared to be more taciturn and more fond of being alone than ever he was before; still he was obedient and kind towards his mother and cousins, and was fond of Percival's company when he went to take trout from the stream.

It was of course after the departure of the old hunter, that his log hut was taken possession of and the cows put into the meadow in front of it.

As the work became more advanced, Martin went out every day, accompanied either by Alfred or Henry, in pursuit of game. Mr. Campbell had procured an ample supply of ammunition, as well as the rifles, at Quebec. These had been unpacked, and the young men were becoming daily more expert. Up to the present, the supply of game from the fort, and occasional fresh beef, had not rendered it necessary for Mr. Campbell to have much recourse to his barrels of salt-pork, but still it was necessary that a supply should be procured as often as possible, that they might husband their stores. Martin was a certain shot if within distance, and they seldom returned without a deer slung between them. The garden had been cleared away and the pigsties were finished, but there was still the most arduous portion of the work to commence, which was the felling of the trees to clear the land for the growing of corn. In this they could expect no assistance from the garrison; indeed, from the indulgence of the commandant, they had already obtained more than they could have expected. It was in the last days of August, and the men lent from the garrison were about to be recalled; the houses were completed, the palisade had been raised round the house and store-house, and the men were now required at the fort. Captain Sinclair received several hints from the commandant that he must use all convenient despatch, and limit his absence to a few days more, which he trusted would be sufficient. Captain Sinclair, who would willingly have remained in society which he so much valued, and who had now become almost one of the family, found that he could make no more excuses. He reported that he would be ready to return on the 1st of September, and on the morning of that day the *bateaux* arrived to take back the soldiers, and bring the pigs and fowls which had been promised. Mr. Campbell settled his account with Captain Sinclair, by a draft upon his banker at Quebec, for the pay of the soldiers, the cows, and the pigs. The Captain then took leave of his friends with mutual regret, and many kind adieus, and, accompanied by the whole of the family to the beach, embarked with all his men and pulled away for the fort.

CHAPTER XII.

The Campbells remained for some time on the shore of the lake watching the receding *bateaux* until they turned round the point and were hidden from their sight, and then they walked back to the house. But few words were exchanged as they returned, for they felt a sensation of loneliness from having parted with so many of their own countrymen; not that they were, with the exception of Captain Sinclair, companions, but that, accustomed to the sight of the soldiers at their labour, the spot now appeared depopulated by their departure. Martin, too, and John, were both absent; the latter had been two days away, and Martin, who had not yet found time to ascertain where old Malachi Bone had fixed his new abode, had gone out in search of it, and to mention to him Mr. Campbell's wishes as to John's visits to him, which were becoming more frequent and more lengthened than Mr. Campbell wished them to be.

When they entered the house, they all sat down, and Mr. Campbell then first spoke.

"Well, my dearest wife, here we are at last, left to ourselves and to our own resources. I am not at all doubtful of our doing well, if we exert ourselves, as it is our duty to do. I grant that we may have hardships to combat, difficulties to overcome, and occasional disappointments and losses to bear up against; but let us recollect how greatly we have, through Providence, been already assisted and encouraged, how much help we have received, and how much kindness we have experienced.

Surely we ought to feel most grateful to Heaven for blessings already vouchsafed to us, and ought to have a firm and lively faith in *Him*, who has hitherto so kindly watched over us. Let us not then repine or feel dispirited, but with grateful hearts do our duty cheerfully in that state of life to which it has pleased *Him* to call us."

"I agree with you, my dear husband," replied Mrs. Campbell; "nay, I can say with sincerity, that I am not sorry we are now left to our own exertions, and that we have an opportunity of proving that we *can* do without the assistance of others. Up to the present, our trial has been nothing; indeed, I can fancy to myself what our trials are to be. Come they may, but from what quarter I cannot form an idea; should they come, however, I trust we shall shew our gratitude for past blessings, and our faith derived from past deliverances, by a devout submission to whatever the Almighty may please to try or chasten us with."

"Right, my dear," replied Mr. Campbell; "we will hope for the best; we are as much under his protection here in the wilderness, as we were at Wexton Park; we were just as liable to all the ills which flesh is heir to when we were living in opulence and luxury as we are now in this log-house; but we are, I thank God, not so liable in our present position to forget Him who so bountifully provides for us and in his wisdom ordereth all our ways. Most truly has the poet said—

> "'Sweet are the uses of adversity!'"

"Well," observed Emma, after a pause, as if to give a more lively turn to the conversation, "I wonder what *my* trials are to be! Depend upon it, the cow will kick down the pail, or the butter won't come!"

"Or you'll get chapped fingers in the winter-time, and chilblains on your feet," continued Mary.

"That will be bad; but Captain Sinclair says that if we don't take care we shall be frost-bitten and lose the tips of our noses."

"That would be hard upon you, Emma, for you've none to spare," said Alfred.

"Well, you have, Alfred, so your's ought to go first."

"We must look after one another's noses, they say, as we cannot tell if our own is in danger; and if we see a white spot upon another's nose we must take a bit of snow and rub it well; a little delicate attention peculiar to this climate."

"I cannot say that I do not know what my trials are to be," said Alfred—"that is, trials certain; nor can Henry, either. When I look at the enormous trunks of these trees, which we have to cut down with our axes, I feel positive that it will be a hard trial before we master them. Don't you think so, Harry?"

"I have made up my mind to have at least two new skins upon my hands before the winter comes on," replied Henry; "but felling timber was not a part of my university education."

"No," replied Alfred; "Oxford don't teach that; now, my university education—"

"Your university education!" cried Emma.

"Yes, mine; I have sailed all over the universe, and that I call an university education; but here come Martin and John. Why, John has got a gun on his shoulder! He must have taken it with him when he last disappeared."

"I suppose that by this time he knows how to use it, Alfred," said Mrs. Campbell.

"Yes, Ma'am," replied Martin, who had entered; "he knows well how to use and how to take care of it and take care of himself. I let him bring it home on purpose to watch him. He has fired and loaded twice as we came back, and has killed this wood-chuck," continued Martin, throwing the dead animal on the floor. "Old Malachi has taught him well, and he has not forgotten his lessons."

"What animal is that, Martin,—is it good to eat?" said Henry.

"Not very good, Sir;" it's an animal that burrows in the ground, and is very hurtful in a garden or to the young maize, and we always shoot them when we meet with them."

"It's a pity that it's not good to eat."

"Oh! you may eat it, Sir; I don't say it's not fit to eat; but there are other things much better."

"That's quite sufficient for me, Martin," said Emma, "I shall not taste him; at all events, not this time, whatever I may have to do by-and-by."

"I spoke to old Bone, Sir, and he says it's all right; that he won't keep him more than a day without first sending him to you to ask leave."

"That's all I require, Martin."

"They have been out these two days, and had only just come home when I arrived there. The game was still in the wood."

"I shot a deer," said John.

"You shot a deer, John!" said Alfred; "why, what a useful fellow you will be by-and-by."

"Yes, Sir; old Malachi told me that the boy had shot a deer, and that he would bring it here to-morrow himself."

"I'm glad of that, for I wish to speak with him," said Mr. Campbell; "but, John, how came you to take the rifle with you without leave?"

John made no answer.

"Answer me, John."

"Can't shoot without a gun," replied John.

"No, you cannot; but the rifle is not yours."

"Give it me, and I'll shoot every thing for dinner," replied John.

"I think you had better do so, father," said Henry in a low voice; "the temptation will be too strong."

"You are right, Henry," replied Mr. Campbell, aside. "Now, John, I will give you the rifle, if you will promise me to ask leave when you want to go, and always come back at the time you have promised."

"I'll always tell when I go, if mamma will always let me go, and I'll always come back when I promise, if—"

"If, what?"

"If I've killed," replied John.

"He means, Sir, that if he is on the track when his leave is out, that he must follow it; but as soon as he has either lost his game or killed it, he will then come home. That's the feeling of a true hunter, Sir, and you must not baulk it."

"Very true; well then, John, recollect that you promise."

"Martin," said Percival, "when are you to teach me to fire the rifle?"

"Oh, very soon now, Sir; but the soldiers are gone, and as soon as you can hit the mark, you shall go out with Mr. Alfred or me."

"And when are we to learn, Mary?" said Emma.

"I'll teach you, cousins," said Alfred, "and give a lesson to my honoured mother."

"Well, we'll all learn," replied Mrs. Campbell.

"What's to be done to morrow, Martin?" said Alfred.

"Why, Sir, there are boards enough to make a fishing-punt, and if you and Mr. Henry will help me, I think we shall have one made in two or three days. The lake is full of fish, and it's a pity not to have some while the weather is so fine."

"I've plenty of lines in the store-room," said Mr. Campbell.

"Master Percival would soon learn to fish by himself," said Martin, "and then he'll bring as much as Master John."

"Fish!" said John with disdain.

"Yes, fish, Master John," replied Martin; "a good hunter is always a good fisherman, and don't despise them, for they often give him a meal when he would otherwise go to sleep with an empty stomach."

"Well, I'll catch fish with pleasure," cried Percival, "only I must sometimes go out hunting."

"Yes, my dear boy, and we must sometimes go to bed; and I think it is high time now, as we must all be up to-morrow at daylight."

The next morning, Mary and Emma set off to milk the cows—not, as usual, attended by some of the young men, for Henry and Alfred were busy, and Captain Sinclair was gone. As they crossed the bridge, Mary observed to her sister, "No more gentlemen to attend us lady milk-maids, Emma."

"No," replied Emma; "our avocation is losing all its charms, and a pleasure now almost settles down to a duty."

"Alfred and Henry are with Martin about the fishing-boat," observed Mary.

"Yes," replied Emma; "but I fancy, Mary, you were thinking more of Captain Sinclair than of your cousins."

"That is very true, Emma; I was thinking of him," replied Mary, gravely. "You don't know how I feel his absence."

"I can imagine it, though, my dearest Mary. Shall we soon see him again?"

"I do not know; but I think not for three or four weeks, for certain. All that can be spared from the fort are gone haymaking, and if he is one of the officers sent with the men, of course he will be absent, and if he is left in the fort, he will be obliged to remain there; so there is no chance of seeing him until the haymaking is over."

"Where is it that they go to make hay, Mary?"

"You know they have only a sufficiency of pasture round the fort for the cattle during the summer, so they go along by the borders of the lake and islands, where they know there are patches of clear land, cut the grass down, make the hay, and collect it all in the *bateaux*, and carry it to the fort to be stacked for the winter. This prairie was their best help, but now they have lost it."

"But Colonel Forster has promised papa sufficient hay for the cows for this winter; indeed, we could not have fed them unless he had done so. Depend upon it, Captain Sinclair will bring the hay round, and then we shall see him again, Mary; but we must walk after our own cows now. No one to drive them for us. If Alfred had any manners he might have come."

"And, why not Henry, Emma?" said Mary, with a smile.

"Oh! I don't know; Alfred came into my thoughts first."

"I believe that really was the case," replied Mary. "Now I'm even with you; so go along and milk your cows."

"It's all very well, Miss," replied Emma, laughing; "but wait till I have learnt to fire my rifle, and then you'll be more cautious of what you say."

On their return home, they found the old hunter with a fine buck lying before him. Mr. Campbell was out with the boys and Martin, who wished his opinion as to the size of the punt.

"How do you do, Mr. Bone?" said Mary. "Did John shoot that deer?"

"Yes; and shot it as well as an old hunter, and the creatur can hardly lift the gun to his shoulder. Which of you is named Mary?"

"I am," said Mary.

"Then I've something for you," said old Malachi, pulling from out of his vest a small parcel, wrapped up in thin bark, and, handing it to her; "it's a present from the Strawberry."

Mary opened the bark, and found inside of it a pair of mocassins, very prettily worked in stained porcupines' quills.

"Oh! how beautiful, and how kind of her! Tell her that I thank her, and love her very much. Will you?"

"Yes; I'll tell her. Where's the boy?"

"Who, John? I think he's gone up the stream to take some trout; he'll be back to breakfast, and that's just ready. Come, Emma, we must go in with the milk."

Mr. Campbell and those who were with him soon returned.

Malachi Bone then stated that he had brought the buck killed by John; and that, if it suited, he would carry back with him a keg of gunpowder and some lead; that he wished Mr. Campbell to calculate what he considered due to him for the property, and let him take it out in goods, as he required them.

"Why don't you name your own price, Malachi?" said Mr. Campbell.

"How can I name a price? It was given to me and cost nothing. I leave it all to you and Martin Super, as I said before."

"You shew great confidence in me, I must say. Well, Bone, I will not cheat you; but I'm afraid you will be a long while before you are paid, if you only take it out in goods from my store-house."

"All the better, Master; they will last till I die, and then what's left will do for the boy here," replied the old hunter, putting his hand upon John's head.

"Bone," said Mr. Campbell, "I have no objection to the boy going with you occasionally; but I cannot permit him to be always away. I want him to come home on the day after he has been to see you."

"Well, that's not reasonable, Master. We go out after the game; who knows where we may find it, how long we may look for it, and how far it may lead us? Must we give up the chase when close upon it, because time 's up? That'll never do. I want to make the boy a hunter, and he must learn to sleep out and do every thing else as concerns a hunter to do. You must let him be with me longer, and, if you please, when he comes back keep him longer; but if you wish him to be a man, the more he stays with me the better. He shall know all the Indian craft, I promise you, and the winter after this he shall take beavers and bring you the skins."

"I think, Sir," observed Martin, "it's all in reason, what the old man says."

"And so do I," said Alfred; "after all, it's only sending John to school. Let him go, father, and have him home for the holidays."

"I'll always come to you, when I can," said John.

"I am more satisfied at John's saying that than you might imagine," said Mrs. Campbell; "John is an honest boy, and does not say what he does not mean."

"Well, my dear, if you have no objection, I'm sure I will not raise any more."

"I think I shall gain more by John's affection than by compulsion, my dear husband. He says he will always come when he can, and I believe him; I have, therefore, no objection to let him stay with Malachi Bone, at all events for a week or so at a time."

"But his education, my dear."

"He is certain to learn nothing now that this fever for the woods, if I may so call it, is upon him. He, will, perhaps, be more teachable a year or two hence. You must be aware that we have no common disposition to deal with in that child; and however my maternal feelings may oppose my judgment, it is still strong enough to make me feel that my decision is for his benefit. We must not here put the value upon a *finished* education which we used to do. Let us give him every advantage which the peculiarity of his position will allow us to do; but we are now in the woods, to a certain degree returned to a state of nature, and the first and most important knowledge, is to learn to gain our livelihoods."

"Well, my dear, I think you are correct in your views on the subject, and therefore, John, you may go to school with Malachi Bone; come to see us when you can, and I expect you to turn out the Nimrod of the west."

Old Malachi stared at the conclusion of this speech; Alfred observed his surprise, and burst into a fit of laughter. He then said, "The English of all that is, Malachi, that my brother John has my father's leave to go with you, and you're to make a man of him."

"He who made him must make a man of him," replied Bone; "I can only make him a good hunter, and that I will, if he and I are spared. Now, Master, if Martin will give me the powder and lead, I'll be off again. Is the boy to go?"

"Yes, if you desire it," replied Mrs. Campbell; "come, John, and wish me good-bye, and remember your promise."

John bade farewell to the whole party with all due decorum, and then trotted off after his schoolmaster.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the course of a week or two, things found their places, and the family began to feel more comfortable; there was also a degree of regularity and order established, which could not be effected during the time that the soldiers were employed. Mrs. Campbell and Percival took upon them all the work inside and round the house during the morning; the latter attending to the pigs and fowls, bringing water from the stream, &c. Mary and Emma milked the cows, and then assisted their mother during the day in washing, &c. Mr. Campbell instructed Percival, worked in the garden, and assisted as much as he could, where he might be found most useful; but he was too advanced in years to be capable of much hard work. Alfred, Henry, and Martin Super were employed during the whole day, clearing the ground and felling the timber; but every other day, one or the other went out with Martin into the woods to procure food, bringing home with them deer, wild turkeys, or other game, which, with an occasional piece of salt-pork, and the fish caught, were sufficient for the family consumption. Percival was now permitted to accompany the hunting-parties, and became somewhat expert with his rifle. He required only a little more practice to be a good shot.

They rose at half-past five,—were all assembled to prayers at half-past seven, previous to going to breakfast. They dined at one, and had a combined tea and supper at seven o'clock. At nine o'clock they went to bed. Before two months had passed away, every thing went on like clock-work. One day passed away so like another, that the time flew imperceptibly, and they wondered that the Sundays came round so quick. They had now time to unpack every thing, and the books which Mrs. Campbell had selected and brought with her had been arranged on shelves in the parlour; but they had not as yet much time to read, and were generally too tired before the day was over not to long for their beds. Indeed, the only interval of leisure during the whole day was between supper and bed-time, when they would all assemble in the kitchen and talk over the little matters which had occurred, either during the chase or at home. But they were now in the middle of October, the winter was fast approaching, and they looked forward to it with some degree of anxiety.

John had kept his word very sacredly. He was occasionally absent for three or four days, but if so, he invariably came to the house and remained a day or two at home. Alfred and Martin had long finished the fishing-punt, and as it was light and easily handled, Henry and Percival went out in it together, and when he was at home, John with Percival would pull half a mile out into the lake, and soon return with a supply of large fish. Mrs. Campbell, therefore, had salted down sufficient to fill a barrel for the winter's use.

One day they were agreeably surprised by Captain Sinclair making his appearance. He had walked from the fort, to communicate to them that the hay had been gathered in, and would be sent round in a day or two, and also to inform Mr. Campbell that the commandant could spare them a young bullock, if he would wish to have it for winter provision. This offer was gladly accepted, and, having partaken of their dinner, Captain Sinclair was obliged to return to the fort, he being that night on duty. Previous, however, to his return, he had some conversation with Martin Super, unobserved by the rest of the party. Afterwards he invited Alfred to walk back to the fort with him and return on the following morning. Alfred agreed to do so; and two hours before it was dark they set off, and as soon as they were on the opposite side of the brook they were joined by Martin Super.

"My reasons for asking you to come back with me were twofold," said Captain Sinclair to Alfred. "In the first place, I wish you to know the road to the fort, in case it should be necessary to make any communication during the winter; secondly, I wished to have some conversation with you and Martin relative to information we have received about the Indians. I can tell you privately what I was unwilling to say before your mother and cousins, as it would put them in a state of restlessness and anxiety, which could avail nothing and only annoy them. The fact is, we have for some time had information that the Indians have held several councils. It does not appear, however, that they have as yet, decided upon any thing, although it is certain that they have gathered together in large numbers not very far from the fort. No doubt but they have French emissaries inciting them to attack us. From what we can learn, however, they have not agreed among themselves, and, therefore, in all probability, nothing will be attempted until next year, for the autumn is their season for sending out their war-parties. At the same time, there is no security, for there is a great difference between a junction of all the tribes against us and a common Indian war-party. We must, therefore, be on the alert, for we have a treacherous foe to deal with. And now, for your portion of interest in this affair. If they attack the fort, which they may do, notwithstanding our treaties with them, you of course would not be safe where you are; but, unfortunately, you may not be safe even if we are not molested; for when the Indians collect (even though the main body decide upon nothing), there are always bands of five to ten Indians, who, having left their homes, will not return if they can help it without some booty; these are not regular warriors, or if warriors, not much esteemed by the tribe; in fact, they are the worst classes of Indians, who are mere robbers and banditti. You must, therefore, be on the look-out for the visits of these people. It is fortunate for you that old Bone has shifted his abode so many miles to the westward, and that you are on such good terms with him, as it is not very likely that any party of Indians can approach you without his meeting with them or their track during his excursions."

"That's true, Captain," observed Martin, "and I will go myself and put him on his guard."

"But, will they not attack him before they attack us?" said Alfred.

"Why should they?" replied Sinclair. "He is as much an Indian almost as they are, and is well known to most of them. Besides, what would they gain by attacking him? These straggling parties, which you have to fear, are in quest of booty, and will not expect to find any thing in his wigwam except a few furs. No; they will not venture near his rifle, which they fear, when there is nothing to be obtained by so doing. I mention this to you, Alfred, that you may be prepared and keep a sharp look-out. It is very possible that nothing of the kind may occur, and that the winter may pass away without any danger, and I mention it to you and Martin, as I consider that the probabilities are not sufficient to warrant your alarming the other members of the family, especially the female portion of it. How far you may consider it advisable to communicate what has now passed to your father and Henry, it is for you to decide. As I said before, I do not imagine you have much to fear from a general attack; it is too late in the year, and we know that the councils broke up without coming to any decision. You have only to fear the attempts of small parties of marauders, and I think you are quite strong enough, both in numbers and in the defences of your habitation, to resist them successfully, if you are not suddenly surprised. That is all that you have to fear; and now that you are warned, half the danger is over."

"Well, Captain, I'll leave you now," said Martin, "I shall go over to old Malachi's to-night; for it occurs to me that any attack is more likely to be made between the fall of the leaf and the fall of the snow than afterwards; so the sooner I put Malachi on his guard the better. Good evening, Sir."

Captain Sinclair and Alfred continued on their way to the fort. They had contracted a strong friendship, and were unreserved in their communication with each other.

"You have no idea, Alfred," said Captain Sinclair, "how the peculiar position of your family occupies my thoughts. It really appears almost like madness on the part of your father to bring out your mother and cousins to such a place, and expose them to such privations and dangers. I can hardly sleep at night when I reflect upon what might happen."

"I believe," replied Alfred, "that if my father had known exactly what his present position would have been, he would have decided upon not leaving England; but you must remember that he came out with much encouragement, and the idea that he would only have to surmount the hardships of a settler in clearing his land. He fancied, at least I'm sure *we* all did, that we should be surrounded by other farmers, and have no particular danger to incur. When at Quebec, he found that all the good land near to civilization was bought up or possessed by the French Canadians; he was advised to come further westward by those who ought to have been aware of what he would have to encounter by so doing, but who probably considered that the danger we now apprehend no longer existed; and he has followed that advice which I have no doubt was conscientiously given. I think myself, even now, that the advice was good, although we are accompanied by females who have been brought up in so different a sphere, and for whose welfare such anxiety is shewn; for observe now, Sinclair, suppose, without having made our acquaintance, you had heard that some settlers, men and women, had located themselves where we have done; should you have considered it so very rash an undertaking, presuming that they were merely farmers and farmers' wives?"

"I certainly should have troubled myself very little about them, and perhaps not thought upon the subject."

"But supposing that the subject had been brought up at the fort, and you heard that the parties had a stockaded house and four or five good rifles to depend upon, with the fort to fall back upon if necessary?"

"I admit that I should most probably have said that they were in a position to protect themselves."

"Most assuredly, and therefore we are equally so; your feelings of interest in us magnify the danger, and I therefore trust that in future you will not allow our position to interfere with your night's rest."

"I wish I could bring myself to that feeling of security, Alfred. If I were only with you, to assist in protecting them, I should sleep sound enough."

"Then you would not be of much use as a watch," replied Alfred, laughing. "Never fear, Sinclair, we shall do well enough," continued he, "and if we require assistance, we will apply for you and a party of soldiers."

"There would be much difficulty about that, Alfred," replied Captain Sinclair; "if there were sufficient danger to make that demand upon the commandant, the same danger would require that he should not weaken his force in the fort; no, you would have to retreat to the fort, and leave your farm to the mercy of the Indians."

"It certainly would be the wisest plan of the two," replied Alfred; "at all events, we could send the women. But the Indians have not come yet, and we must hope that they will not."

The conversation was then changed, and

in half an hour more they arrived at the fort.

Alfred was welcomed at the fort by Colonel Forster, with whom he was a great favourite. The Colonel could not refrain from expressing his opinion, that Mr. Campbell and his family were in a position of some danger, and lamenting that the female portion of the family, who had been brought up with such very different prospects, should be so situated. He even ventured to hint that if Mrs. Campbell and the two Misses Percival would pass the winter in the fort, he would make arrangements to accommodate them. But Alfred at once replied, that he was convinced no inducement would persuade his mother or cousins to leave his father; they had shared his prosperity, and they would cling to him in his adversity; that they all were aware of what they would have to risk before they came out, and his father preferred a life of honourable independence attended with danger, to seeking the assistance of others.

"But still I cannot perceive any reason for the ladies remaining to encounter the danger."

"The more we are, the stronger we are to repel danger," replied Alfred.

"But women, surely, will only be an incumbrance!"

"I think differently," replied Alfred. Young and delicate as my cousins are, they will not shrink any more than my mother when their services are required. They now can all of them use a rifle, if required, and to defend a house, a determined woman is almost as effective as a man. Depend upon it, if it comes to the necessity, they will do so. You see, therefore, Colonel, that by taking away our ladies, you will weaken our force," continued Alfred, laughing.

"Well, my dear fellow, I will press it no more. Only recollect that I shall always be ready to send you any assistance when required."

"I have been thinking, Colonel Forster, that, as we have no horses at present, if you have any rockets, they might be useful in such a case. At the distance we are from you a rocket would be seen immediately if fired at night, and I promise you, that it shall not be fired without great necessity."

"I am glad that you have mentioned it, Alfred; you shall have a dozen to take with you. You go back with the boats that carry the hay to-morrow morning, do you not?"

"Yes; I shall take that opportunity to save wearing out my shoes, as we have no cobbler near to us. I presume it will be the last trip made by the boats this season."

"Yes," replied the Colonel, "the frost will soon set in now. In another fortnight we shall probably be visited with a heavy fall of snow, and the ground will then be covered till the spring. But I suppose we shall see or hear from you occasionally?"

"Yes; as soon as I can push along in my snow-shoes, I will pay you a visit," replied Alfred, "but I have that art to learn yet."

The following morning the sky was clear and the day brilliant. The sun shone upon the dark scarlet-tinged foliage of the oaks and through the transparent yellow leaves of the maple. A slight frost had appeared for two or three mornings about a month back, and now they were enjoying what was termed the Indian summer, which is a return of fair and rather warm weather for a short time previous to the winter setting in.

The soldiers were busy carrying the hay down to the *bateaux*, and, before noon, Alfred bade farewell to Colonel Forster and the other officers of the fort, and, accompanied by Captain Sinclair, went down to embark. All was ready, and Alfred stepped into the boat; Captain Sinclair being on duty and not able to accompany him back.

"I shall not fail to give directions to the sentries about the rockets, Alfred," said Captain Sinclair, "and so tell your mother and cousins; and mind to shew them how to fire them off from out of the barrel of a musket. Good-by; God bless you, my dear fellow."

"Good-by," replied Alfred, as the boats pulled from the shore.

CHAPTER XIV.

After Alfred's return from the fort, a few days passed away without any incident; Martin had paid a visit to Malachi Bone, who had promised that he would be on the look-out and would give immediate information and assistance in case of any hostile measures on the part of the Indians. He told Martin, that in a few days he would discover what had taken place and what might be looked forward to. When Martin returned with this communication, Alfred was satisfied, and did not acquaint any body except his brother Henry with the information which he had received from Captain Sinclair.

The monotony of their life was, however, broken in upon by the arrival of a corporal from the fort, who was the bearer of the first despatches which they had received since their arrival at the settlement. Letters, yes letters, not only from Quebec but from England, were announced. The whole house was in confusion, all crowding round Mr. Campbell while he unsealed the large packet. First a bundle of English newspapers from the Governor of Quebec—these were laid aside; a letter from Mr. Campbell's agent at Quebec—this was on business and could wait his leisure; then the letters from England—two long, well-filled double letters from Miss Paterson to Mary and Emma; another from Mr. Campbell's agent in England, and a large one on foolscap paper with "On His Majesty's Service," directed to Mr Alfred Campbell. Each party seized upon their letters, and hastened on one side with them. Mrs. Campbell being the only one who had no correspondent, anxiously watched the countenance of Alfred, who, after a hasty glance, cried out, "I am confirmed to my rank, my dear mother; I am a lieutenant in his Majesty's service—huzza! Here's a letter inclosed from Captain Lumley; I know his handwriting." Alfred received the congratulations of the whole party, handed the official letter to his mother, and then commenced the perusal of the one from Captain Lumley. After a short silence, during which they were all occupied with their correspondence, Mr. Campbell said, "I also have good news to communicate to you; Mr. H. writes to me to say, that Mr. Douglas Campbell, on finding the green-houses and hot-houses so well stocked, considered that he was bound to pay for the plants; that they have been valued at seven hundred pounds, and that he has paid that money into my agent's hands. This is extremely liberal of Mr. Douglas Campbell, and I certainly did not expect, as I found plants there on my taking possession, that I was entitled to any remuneration for what I left. However, I am too poor to refuse his offer from any feelings of delicacy, and shall therefore write and thank him for his generous behaviour.'' Alfred had read the letter from Captain Lumley, which made him very thoughtful. The fact was, that his promotion and the observations in Captain Lumley's letter had brought back all his former regret at having quitted the service, and he was very melancholy in consequence; but as his cousins read their letters aloud, he gradually recovered his spirits.

At last, all the letters were read, and then the newspapers were distributed. No more work was done that day, and in the evening they all sat round the kitchen fire and talked over the intelligence they had received until long after their usual time of retiring to bed.

"I have been thinking, my dear Emily," said Mr. Campbell, the next morning before they quitted their sleeping-room, "what a very seasonable supply of money this will be. My funds, as you have seen by the account of my Quebec agent, were nearly exhausted, and we have many things yet to procure. We shall require horses next year, and we must increase our stock in every way; indeed, if we could have another man or two, it would be very advantageous, as the sooner we clear the ground, the sooner we shall be independent."

"I agree with you, Campbell; besides, we shall now have Alfred's half-pay, poor fellow, which will help us very much; I have been thinking more of him than any thing else this night; I watched him when he read Captain Lumley's letter, and I well understood the cause of his seriousness for some time afterwards; I almost feel inclined to let him return to his profession; it would be painful parting with him, but the sacrifice on his part is very great."

"Still it's his duty," replied Mr. Campbell, "and, moreover, absolutely necessary at present, that he should remain with us. When we are more settled and more independent of his assistance, we will talk over the subject."

In the meantime, Mary and Emma had gone out as usual to milk the cows. It was a beautiful clear day, but there was a bracing air which cheered the spirits, and the sunshine was pleasantly warm in situations sheltered from the winds; one of the few fine days just before the rushing in of winter. They had milked their cows, and had just turned them out again, when they both sat down with their pails before them on a log, which was in front of Malachi's lodge, now used as a cow-house.

"Do you know, Mary," said Emma, after

a pause, "I'm almost sorry that I have received a letter from Miss Paterson."

"Indeed, dear Emma!"

"Yes, indeed, it has unsettled me. I did nothing but dream all last night. Every thing was recalled to my mind—all that I most wished to forget. I fancied myself again engaged in all the pursuits of our much-loved home; I was playing the harp, you were accompanying on the piano as usual; we walked out in the shrubberies; we took an airing in the carriage; all the servants were before me; we went to the village and to the almshouses; we were in the garden picking dahlias and roses; I was just going up to dress for a large dinner-party, and had rung the bell for Simpson, when I woke up, and found myself in a log-hut, with my eyes fixed upon the rafters and bark covering of the roof, thousands of miles from Wexton Hall, and half an hour longer in bed than a dairy-maid should be."

"I will confess, my dear Emma, that I passed much such a night; old associations will rise up again when so forcibly brought to our remembrance as they have been by Miss Paterson's letters, but I strove all I could to banish them from my mind, and not indulge in useless repining."

"Repine, I do not, Mary, at least, I hope not, but one cannot well help regretting; I cannot help remembering, as Macduff says, that 'such things were.'"

"He might well say so, Emma; for what had he lost? his wife and all his children, ruthlessly murdered; but what have we lost in comparison? nothing—a few luxuries. Have we not health and spirits? Have we not our kind uncle and aunt, who have fostered us—our cousins so attached to us? Had it not been for the kindness of our uncle and aunt, who have brought us up as their own children, should we, poor orphans, have ever been partakers of those luxuries which you now regret? Ought we not rather to thank Heaven that circumstances have enabled us to shew some gratitude for benefits heaped upon us? How much greater are these privations to my uncle and aunt now that they are so much more advanced in years, and have been so much longer accustomed to competence and ease; and shall we repine or even regret, unless it is on their account? surely, my dear Emma, not on our own."

"I feel the truth of all you say, Mary," replied Emma; "nay all that you have now said passed in my own mind, and I have argued to myself in almost the same words, but I fear that I am not quite so much of a philosopher as you are; and, acknowledging that what you say is correct, I still have the same feeling—that is, I wish that I had not received the letter from Miss Paterson."

"In that wish there can be no harm, for it is only wishing that you may not be tempted to repine."

"Exactly, my dear Mary; I am a daughter of Eve," replied Emma laughing, and rising from her seat; "I will put away Miss Paterson's letter, and I dare say in a day or two shall have forgotten all about it. Dear Alfred, how glad I am that he is promoted; I shall call him Lieutenant Campbell till he is sick of it. Come, Mary, or we shall be keeping my uncle waiting; come, Juno."

Emma's calling Juno to follow her, reminds me that I have not yet introduced the dogs to my little readers, and as they will have to play their parts in our history, I may as well do so at once. Captain Sinclair, it may be remembered, had procured five dogs for Mr. Campbell from the officers of the fort,—two terriers, which were named Trim and Snob; Trim was a small dog and kept in the house, but Snob was a very powerful bull-terrier, and very savage; a fox-hound bitch, the one which Emma had just called Juno; Bully, a very fine young bull-dog, and Sancho, an old pointer. At night, these dogs were tied up; Juno in the store-house; Bully and Snob at the door of the house within the palisade; Trim in doors, and old Sancho at the lodge of Malachi Bone, where the cows were put in at night. Mr. Campbell found it rather expensive at first feeding these dogs, but as soon as Martin and his companions brought home game, there was always plenty for them all. They were all very sharp and high couraged dogs, for they had been born in the fort and had been brought up to hunting every kind of game indiscriminately; and I need hardly add that they were excellent watch dogs, and considered by Mr. Campbell as a great protection.

For the next two days, the family remained rather unsettled; there was so much news in the newspapers; so many recollections brought up by their perusal; so much to talk about and discuss, that very little work was done. The weather, however, was now becoming much colder, and for the two last days the sun had not shone. The sky was of one uniform murky solemn grey; and every thing announced that the winter was close at hand. Martin, who had been hunting, when he came home bid them prepare for an immediate change in the weather, and his prediction was speedily verified.

CHAPTER XV.

It was on the Saturday evening, when they had all assembled round the fire, for it was more cold than it had hitherto been, that the moaning of the wind among the trees of the forest announced a gale of wind from the northward.

"We shall have it soon," observed Martin, "winter mostly comes in with a gale."

"Yes; and this appears as if it would be a strong gale," replied Alfred. "Hark! how the boughs of the trees are sawing and cracking against each other."

"I reckon we may get our snow-shoes out of the store-house, John," said Martin, "and then we shall see how you can get over the ground with them when you go out hunting. You have not shot a moose yet."

"Is the moose the same as the elk, Martin?" said Henry.

"I do not think it is, Sir; yet I've heard both names given to the animal."

"Have you ever shot any?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"Yes, Ma'am; many a one. They're queer animals; they don't run like the other deer, but they trot as fast as the others run, so it comes to the same thing. They are very shy, and difficult to get near, except in the heavy snow, and then their weight will not allow them to get over it, as the lighter deer can; they sink up to their shoulders, and flounder about till they are overtaken. You see, Master Percival, the moose can't put on snow-shoes like we can, and that gives us the advantage over the animal."

"Are they dangerous animals, Martin?" inquired Mary Perceval.

"Every large animal is more or less dangerous when it turns to bay, Miss. A moose's horns sometimes weigh fifty pounds, and it is a strong animal to boot; but it can't do any thing when the snow is deep. You'll find it good eating, at all events, when we bring one in."

"I'll bring one," said John, who was cleaning his rifle.

"I dare say you will as soon as you can manage your snow-shoes," replied Martin. "The wind is getting up higher. I guess you'll not find your way back to Malachi's lodge, Master John, as you thought to do to-morrow morning."

"It is certainly a dreadful night," observed Mrs. Campbell; "and I feel the cold very sensibly."

"Yes, Ma'am; but as soon as the snow is down, you'll be warmer."

"It is time to go to bed," observed Mr. Campbell, "so put away your work; and, Henry, give me down the bible."

During that night the gale increased to almost a hurricane; the trees of the forest clashed and crackled, groaned and sawed their long arms against each other, creating an unusual and almost appalling noise; the wind howled round the palisades and fluttered the strips of bark on the roof, and as they all lay in bed, they could not sleep from the noise outside, and the increased feeling of cold. It was also the first trial of this new house in severe weather, and some of the wakeful party were anxiously watching the result. Towards the morning the storm abated, and every thing was again quiet. In consequence of the restless night which they had passed they were not so early as usual. Emma and Mary when they came out of their room found

Martin and Alfred up and very busy with shovels; and, to their astonishment, they perceived that the snow was at least three feet deep on the ground, and in some places had been drifted up higher than their heads.

"Why, Alfred!" cried Emma; "how shall we be able to go after the cows this morning? This is, indeed, winter come on with little warning."

"It still snows," observed Mary; "not much, indeed, but the sky is very black."

"Yes, Miss; we shall have some more of it yet," observed Martin. "Mr. Campbell and Mr. Henry have gone to the store-house for more shovels, for we must work hard, and clear a footpath, and then get the snow up against the palisades."

"What a sudden change," said Emma; "I wish the sky would cease, and then I should not care."

"It will to-morrow, Miss Emma, I dare say; but the snow must come down first."

Martin and Alfred had only time to clear a path to the store-house; Mr. Campbell and Henry returned with more shovels, and as soon as breakfast was over, they commenced work. As for Mary and Emma going to milk the cows, that was impossible. Martin undertook that task until they had cleared a pathway to the hunter's lodge, in which the animals were shut up every night.

By the advice of Martin, the snow next the palisades was piled up against the palings like a wall, as high as they could reach or throw it, by which means they got rid of the snow about the house, and at the same time formed a barrier against the freezing winds which they had to expect. All worked hard; Percival and John were of great use, and even Mrs. Campbell and the girls assisted collecting the remainder of the snow, and clearing it off the window-sills and other parts. By noon the snow left off falling, the sky cleared up, and the sun shone bright, although it gave out but little warmth.

After dinner they renewed their labours, and commenced clearing away a path to the lodge, where the cows were locked in, and before night-fall they had accomplished their task as far as the bridge over the stream, which was about half-way. It had been a day of great fatigue, and they were glad to retire to rest. Mrs. Campbell and the girls had put an additional supply of blankets and skins upon the beds, for the cold was now intense, and the thermometer stood far below the freezing point.

The following morning they resumed their task; the sky was still unclouded, and the sun shone out clear and bright. By dinner-time the path to the cow-house had been completed; and the men then employed themselves in carrying as much fire-wood as they could, before it was dark, within the palisades.

"Well," observed Alfred, "now things may go on as usual within doors; and what have we to do out, Martin?"

"You must first get on your snow-shoes, and learn to walk in them," observed Martin; "or otherwise you'll be a prisoner as well as the ladies. You see, John, you're not at Malachi's lodge."

"Go to-morrow," replied John.

"No; not to-morrow, for I must go with you," said Martin; "I cannot trust you for finding your way; and I cannot go to-morrow nor the next day either. We must kill our beef to-morrow; there's no fear but it will keep all the winter now, and we shall save our hay."

"My larder is but poorly furnished," observed Mrs. Campbell.

"Never mind, Ma'am, we'll soon have something in it, which will save our beef. In another week you shall have it well stocked."

"John," said Mr. Campbell, "recollect you must not go away without Martin."

"I won't," replied John.

All the game in the larder having been consumed, they sat down to salt-pork and some of the fish which had been cured. The latter was pronounced to be excellent.

"What is the name of this fish, Martin?"

"It is called the white-fish," replied Martin; "and I have heard gentry from the old country say that they have none better, if any so good."

"It is certainly most excellent," replied Mr. Campbell, "and we will not forget to have a good provision for next winter, if it pleases God to spare our lives."

"Where were you born, Martin?" said

Henry as they were sitting round the kitchen fire, as usual in the evening.

"Why, Mr. Henry, I was born at Quebec. My father was a corporal in the army under General Wolfe, and was wounded in the great battle fought between him and the Frenchman Montcalm."

"In which both generals were killed, but the victory was to us."

"So I've heard, Sir," replied Martin. My mother was an Englishwoman, and I was born about four years after the surrender of Quebec. My mother died soon afterwards, but my father was alive about five years ago, I believe. I can't exactly say, as I was for three or four years in the employ of the Fur Company, and when I returned, I found that he was dead."

"And you have been a hunter all your life?"

"Not all my life, and not exactly a hunter. I call myself a trapper, but I still am both.

I first was out with the Indians when I was about fourteen, for you see my father wanted to make me a drummer, and I could not stand that; so I said to him 'Father, I won't be a drummer.' 'Well, says he, Martin, you must help yourself, for all my interest lies in the army.' 'So I will,' says I; 'father, I'm off for the woods.' 'Well,' says he, 'just as you like, Martin.' So one fine day I wished him good-by, and did not see him again for more than two years."

"Well, and what took place then?"

"Why, I brought home three or four packages of good skins, and sold them well. Father was so pleased, that he talked of turning trapper himself; but, as I told the old man, a man with a lame leg, for he had been wounded in the leg and halted, would not make his livelihood by hunting in the woods of Canada."

"Was your father still in the army?"

"No, Ma'am, he was not in the army; but

he was employed in the storekeeper's department; they gave him the berth on account of his wound."

"Well; go on, Martin."

"I havn't much more to say, Ma'am. I brought home my furs, sold them, and father helped me to spend the money as long as he was alive, and very welcome he was to his share. I felt rather queer when I came back from the Fur Company and found that the old man was dead, for I had looked forward with pleasure to the old man's welcome, and his enjoying his frolic with me as usual."

"I'm afraid those frolics were not very wise," Martin.

"No, Sir, they were very foolish, I believe; but I fear it will always be the case with us trappers. We are like sailors, we do not know what to do with money when we get it; so we throw it away, and the sooner the better, for it is our enemy while we have it. I assure you, Sir, that I used to feel quite happy when all my money was gone, and I was setting off to the woods again. It's a hard life, but a life that unfits you for any other; a life which you become very fond of. I don't mind being here with you by way of a change; indeed, as long as there is hunting, it is almost as good as if I were in the woods, but else I think I shall die a trapper."

"But, Martin," said Mr. Campbell, "how much more wise it would be to put your money by, and after a time purchase a farm and settle down a steady man with property, perhaps married and the father of a family."

"Perhaps it might be; but if I do not like it so well as trapping, I don't see why I should do so; it would be changing my life to please others and not myself."

"That's very true, Martin," said Alfred laughing.

"Perhaps Martin may change his mind

before he is an old man," replied Mrs. Campbell. "Dear me! what noise was that?" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell, as a melancholy howl was heard without.

"Only a rascally wolf, Ma'am," said Martin; "we must expect the animals to be about us now that the snow has fallen, and the winter has set in."

"A wolf! are they not dangerous, Martin?" inquired Mary Percival.

"That depends, Miss, how hungry they may be; but they are not very fond of attacking a human being; if we had any sheep outside, I fancy that they would stand a bad chance."

"The howl was repeated, when one or two of the dogs which had been admitted into the house and were stretched before the fire, roused up and growled."

"They hear him, Ma'am, and if we were to let them out, would soon be at him. No, no, John, sit still and put down your rifle; we can't afford to hurt wolves; their skins won't fetch a half dollar, and their flesh is not fit for a dog, let alone a Christian. Let the vermin howl till he is tired; he'll be off to the woods again before daylight."

"There is certainly something very melancholy and dreadful to me in that howl," said Emma; "it frightens me."

"What, Emma, afraid?" said Alfred, going to her; "why yes, really she trembles; why, my dear Emma, do you recollect how frightened you and Mary were at the noise of the frogs when you first came here; you got used to it very soon, and so you will to the howl of a wolf."

"There is some difference, Alfred," replied Emma, shuddering as the howl was repeated. "I don't know how it is," said she, rallying her spirits, but I believe it was reading Little Red

Riding Hood when I was a child, which has given me such a horror of a wolf; I shall get over it very soon I have no doubt."

"I must say, that it does not create the most agreeable sensation in my mind," observed Mrs. Campbell, "but I was aware of what we were to encounter when we came here, and if it is only to be annoyed with the cry of a wild beast, we may consider that we get off very cheaply."

"I should feel much more at ease, if all the rifles were loaded," said Mary Percival in her usual quiet way.

"And I too," said Emma.

"Well, then, if that will at all relieve your minds, it is easily done," said Mr. Campbell; "let us all load our rifles, and put them back in their rests."

"Mine's loaded," said John.

"And the rest soon shall be," said Alfred, "even the three appropriated for your use, mother and cousins. Now don't you feel some satisfaction in knowing that you can load and fire them yourselves? the practice you had during the fine weather has not been thrown away, has it, dear Emma?"

"No it has not, and I am very glad that I did learn it; I am a coward in apprehension, Alfred, but, perhaps, if I was put to the test, I should behave better."

"That I really believe," replied Alfred; "a gale of wind at sea sounds very awful when down below jerking about in your hammock, but when on deck, you don't care a fig about it. Now the rifles are all loaded, and we may go to bed and sleep sound." They did retire to rest, but all parties did not sleep very sound; the howling of one wolf was answered by another; Emma and Mary embraced each other and shuddered as they heard the sounds, and it was long before they forgot their alarm and were asleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

The next morning was bright and clear, and when Emma and Mary went out, attended by Alfred, to go and milk the cows, although the cold was intense, every thing looked so brilliant and sparkling in the sunshine that they regained their spirits. The lake was still unfrozen, and its waters, which were of an azure blue, contrasted with the whole of the country covered with snow, and the spruce firs with their branches loaded presented an alternate layer of pure white and of the darkest green. Birds there were none to be seen or heard.

All was quiet, so quiet that as they stepped along the path which had been cleared away to the cow-house, they almost startled at the sound of their own voices, which the atmosphere rendered more peculiarly sonorous and ringing. Alfred had his rifle on his shoulder, and walked in front of his cousins.

"I have come to prove that all your fears are groundless, my dear Emma, and that you need not have any alarm about a sculking cowardly wolf," said Alfred.

"Well, that may be," replied Emma, "but still we are very glad of your company."

They arrived at the cow-house without any adventure, let loose Sancho who had been tied up, as it was decided that the dog should remain at home with the others, and proceeded to milk the cows. Having finished that task, and supplied them with fodder, Mary Percival observed, as they were retracing their steps,

"I must say that it would not only be more convenient but more agreeable if the cows were kept nearer to the house."

"It would be certainly," replied Alfred. "It is a pity that there is not a cow-shed within the palisades; but we have no means of making one at present. Next year, when my father has purchased his horses and his sheep, which he talks of doing, we are to build a regular yard and sheds for all the animals close to the house, and palisaded round as the house now is, with a passage from one palisade to the other. Then it will be very convenient; but 'Rome was not built in one day,' as the proverb says; and we must, therefore, wait another winter."

"And be devoured by the wolves in the mean time," replied Emma, laughing.

"Why, you are getting over your fright already, Emma."

"Yes; I feel pretty bold, now I think there is nothing to be afraid of."

The remainder of the week was passed away in practising upon the snow-shoes by the males of the party, the women scarcely ever venturing out of doors, as the cold was very severe. Mary and Emma were accompanied by Alfred for the first three or four days; and after that, notwithstanding that the howling of the wolves was heard every night, they took courage when they found that the animals never made their appearance by daylight, and went as before to milk the cows by themselves. On the Saturday, they were in the hopes of seeing old Malachi Bone, but he did not make his appearance, and John, who could now get on very well in his snow-shoes became very impatient. Alfred and Martin were also very anxious to see the old man, that they might ascertain if he had made any discoveries relative to the Indians. Sunday, as usual, was a day of rest from labour; the services were read by Mr. Campbell, and the evening passed in serious conversation. Mr. Campbell, although usually in good spirits, was certainly not so on that evening; whether it was that the severity of the winter which had set in and the known long duration of it which they had to encounter had an effect upon his spirits, he was melancholy as well as serious. He more than once referred to their former residence when in England, which was a very unusual thing for him to do, and by degrees the conversation was turned in that direction, and, although no one said so, they all felt what a change there was in their present position from that which they had been forced to leave. Mrs. Campbell, who perceived that a gloom was gathering over the whole party, made several remarks tending to reconcile them to their present lot, and, after a time Mr. Campbell observed—

"Perhaps, my dear children, it may be a divine mercy which has sent you here to this wilderness; true it is that we are removed from civilization, and shut up here by a severe winter, deprived of the enjoyments and pleasures which were to be found in the society which we were compelled to leave; but let us also bear in mind that we are removed from the many temptations which might have there assailed us."

"But still, Papa, you would be very glad if circumstances would permit us to return to England; would you not?" said Percival.

"Yes, my child, I should, and even if I had remained here so long as to have become attached to the place and to the isolation which at first is felt so irksome, I would still return to England and to society, if I had the means. As Christians, we are not to fly from the world and its temptations, but to buckle on our armour, and, putting our trust in Him who will protect us, fight the good fight; that is, doing our duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call us."

"But if ever we were to return to England, there would be no chance of our living as we did before we left it, would there, Papa?"

"I see none, my dear boy; but we never know what is in store for us. Should any of us ever return, I presume it would be to live in a more humble way; and for my part, I should prefer that it were so, for although I trust I did not greatly misuse that wealth which I so long supposed to be mine, I should not be sorry to have much less, and therefore less responsibility."

"Indeed, my dear Campbell, imperfect as we all are, I do not believe that many could have made a better use of it than you did."

"I thought so at the time, my dear," replied Mr. Campbell, "but since it has been lost to me, I have often thought that I might have done more good with it. But the fact is, my dear children, there is nothing so dangerous to our eternal welfare as great wealth; it tends to harden the heart by affording the means of constant self-indulgence:—under such circumstances, man is apt to become selfish, easily satisfied with his own works, and too proud to see his errors. Did you observe in the Litany, which I read at this morning's service, how very appropriately is inserted the prayer for deliverance under the perils of wealth?—

"In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our *wealth*, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us."

"Examine this, my dear children: in all time of our tribulation,—that is in poverty and distress, and perhaps famishing from want (and in few positions are people so incited to crime), *then* in all time of our wealth, evidently and distinctly placing wealth as more dangerous to the soul's welfare than the extremest poverty and its accompanying temptations; and observe, only exceeded by the most critical of all dangerous positions, when all has been done and nothing can be undone,—the hour of death, followed by the day of judgment."

Mr. Campbell ceased speaking, and there was a pause for a minute or two in the conversation, when Mary Percival said, "What then, my dear uncle, do you consider as the most enviable position in life?"

"I consider a moderate independence as the most enviable; not occupied in trade, as the spirit of barter is too apt to make us bend to that which is actually fraud. I should say, a country gentleman living on his own property and among his own tenants, employing the poor around him, holds a position in which he has the least temptation to do wrong, and the most opportunities of doing good."

"I agree with you, my dear Campbell," said his wife; "and yet how few are satisfied even with that lot."

"Because the craving after wealth is so strong, that every one would have more than he hath, and few men will be content. This desire of aggrandizement overcomes and masters us; and yet, what can be more absurd than to witness the care and anxiety of those to gain riches, who have already more perhaps than is necessary for their wants,—thus 'heaping up riches, not knowing who may gather them,' and endangering the soul to obtain that which they must leave behind them when they die. Others amass wealth, not actuated by the avarice of hoarding it up, but by the appetite for expending it; who collect unjustly that they may lavish profusely; these are equally foolish, and how important is that lesson given in the Scriptures." Mr. Campbell opened the Bible which lay before him and read—

"And he spake a parable unto them. The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully.

"And he said, What shall I do? because I have no room where to bestow my fruits.

"And he said: This will I do; I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.

"And I will say to my soul: Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry.

"But God said unto him: Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

After a short silence, Mrs. Campbell observed, "I have often reflected since I have been here upon what might have been our position had we decided upon remaining in England. We might at this moment have been in the greatest distress, even wanting a meal; and I have, therefore, often thanked God that he left us the means of coming here and providing for ourselves as we have done, and as I have no doubt shall, with his blessing, continue to do. How much better off are we at this moment than many thousands of our countrymen who remain in England. How many are starving!

How many are driven into crime from want! while we have a good roof over our heads, sufficient clothing and more than sufficient food. We have, therefore, great reason to thank God for the mercies he has vouchsafed to us; he has heard our prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'" "Yes," continued Mr. Campbell, "'Give us this day our daily bread,' is all that we are taught to ask for; and it comprehends all; and yet how heartlessly is this pronounced by many of those who do repeat their daily prayers. So is the blessing asked at meals, which is by too many considered as a mere matter of form. They forget, that He who gives can also take away; and in their presumption, suppose their own ability and exertion to have been the sole means of procuring themselves a daily supply of food; thanking themselves rather than the Giver of all good. How many thousands are there who have been supplied with more than they require from their cradle down to their grave, without any grateful feeling towards Heaven; considering the butcher and baker as their providers, and the debt cancelled as soon as the bills are paid. How different must be the feeling of the poor cottager, who is uncertain whether his labour may procure him and his family a meal for the morrow, who often suffers privation and hunger, and, what is more painful, witnesses the sufferings of those he loves. How earnest must be his prayer when he cries, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'"

This conversation had a very strong effect upon the party, and when they retired to rest, which they did shortly after, they laid their heads upon their pillows not only with resignation, but with thankfulness for the mercies which had been vouchsafed to them, and felt that in the wilderness, they were under the eye of a watchful and gracious Providence.

CHAPTER XVII.

On the Monday morning, Alfred and Martin went to the cow-house, and slaughtered the bullock which they had obtained from the commandant of the fort. When it was skinned it was cut up, and carried to the storehouse, where it was hung up for their winter consumption.

As the party were sitting down to dinner, they were greeted by Captain Sinclair and a young lieutenant of the garrison. It hardly need be said that the whole family were delighted to see them. They had come overland in their snow-shoes, and brought some partridges or grouse, as they are sometimes called, which they had shot on their way. Captain Sinclair had obtained leave from the commandant to come over and see how the Campbells were getting on. He had no news of any importance, as they had had no recent communication with Quebec or Montreal; all was well at the fort, and Colonel Forster had sent his compliments, and begged if he could be useful, that they would let him know. Captain Sinclair and his friend sat down to dinner, and talked more than they ate, asking questions about every thing.

"By-the-bye, Mr. Campbell, where have you built your pig-sties?"

"Inside the palisade, next to the fowl-house."

"That is well," replied Captain Sinclair, "for otherwise you may be troubled by the wolves, who are very partial to pork or mutton."

"We *have* been troubled with them," replied Emma; "at least with their howlings at night, which make me tremble as I lie awake in bed."

"Never mind their howling, Miss Emma; we have plenty of them round the fort, I can assure you; unless attacked, they will not attack you, at least I never knew an instance, although I must confess that I have heard of them."

"You will of course sleep here to-night?"

"Yes; we will, if you have a bear or buffalo skin to spare," replied Captain Sinclair.

"We will manage it, I have no doubt," said Mr. Campbell.

"And if you could manage, Captain Sinclair," said Emma somewhat archly, "as you say that they are not dangerous animals, to bring us in a few skins to-night, it would make the matter easy."

"Emma, how can you talk such nonsense?" cried Mary Percival. "Why should you ask a guest to undertake such a service? Why have you not proposed it to Alfred or Henry, or even Martin?"

"We will both try, if you please," replied Alfred.

"I must put my veto on any such attempts, Alfred," said Mr. Campbell. "We have sufficient danger to meet, without running into it voluntarily, and we have no occasion for wolves' skins just now. I shall, however, venture to ask your assistance to-morrow morning. We wish to haul up the fishing-punt before the ice sets in on the lake, and we are not sufficiently strong-handed."

During the day, Captain Sinclair took Alfred aside to know if the old hunter had obtained any information relative to the Indians. Alfred replied, that they expected him every day, but as yet had not received any communication from him. Captain Sinclair stated that they were equally ignorant at the fort as to what had been finally arranged, and that Colonel Forster was in hopes that the hunter would by this time have obtained some intelligence.

"I should not be surprised if Malachi Bone were to come here to-morrow morning," replied Alfred. "He has been away a long while, and I am sure is as anxious to have John with him as John is impatient to go."

"Well, I hope he will; I shall be glad to have something to tell the Colonel, as I made the request upon that ground. I believe, however, he was very willing that I should find an excuse for coming here, as he is more anxious about your family than I could have supposed. How well your cousin Mary is looking."

"Yes; and so is Emma, I think. She has grown half a head since she left England. By-the-bye, you have to congratulate me on my obtaining my rank as lieutenant."

"I do indeed, my dear fellow," replied Captain Sinclair. "They will be pleased to hear it at the fort. When will you come over?"

"As soon as I can manage to trot a little faster upon these snow-shoes. If, however, the old hunter does not come to-morrow, I will go to the fort as soon he brings us any news."

The accession to their party made them all very lively, and the evening passed away very agreeably. At night, Captain Sinclair and Mr. Gwynne were ushered into the large bedroom where all the younger male portion of the family slept, and which, as we before stated, had two spare bed places.

The next morning, Captain Sinclair would have accompanied the Miss Percivals on their milking expedition, but as his services were required to haul up the fishing-punt, he was obliged to go down with all the rest of the men to assist; Percival and John were the only ones left at home with Mrs. Campbell. John, after a time, having as usual rubbed down his rifle, threw it on his shoulder, and, calling the dogs which lay about, sallied forth for a walk, followed by the whole pack except old Sancho, who invariably accompanied the girls to the cow-house.

Mary and Emma tripped over the new-beaten snow-path to the cow-house, merry and cheerful, with their pails in their hands, Emma laughing at Captain Sinclair's disappointment at not being permitted to accompany them. They had just arrived at the cow-house, when old Sancho barked furiously, and sprang to the side of the building behind them, and in a moment afterwards rolled down the snow heap which he had sprung over, holding on and held fast by a large black wolf. The struggle was not very long, and during the time that it lasted the girls were so panic-struck, that they remained like statues within two yards of the animals. Gradually the old dog was overpowered by the repeated snapping bites of the wolf, yet he fought nobly to the last, when he dropped under the feet of the wolf, his tongue hanging out, bleeding profusely and lifeless. As soon as his adversary was overpowered, the enraged animal, with his feet upon the body of the dog, bristling his hair and shewing his powerful teeth, was evidently about to attack the young women. Emma threw her arm round Mary's waist, advancing her body so as to save her sister. Mary attempted the same, and then they remained waiting in horror for the expected spring of the animal, when of a sudden the other dogs came rushing forward, cheered on by John, and flew upon the animal. Their united strength soon tore him down to the ground, and John coming up, as the wolf defended himself against his new assailants, put the muzzle of his rifle to the animal's head, and shot it dead.

The two sisters had held up during the whole of this alarming struggle; but as soon as they perceived the wolf was dead and that they were safe, Mary could stand no longer, and sank down on her knees, supporting her sister who had become insensible.

If John shewed gallantry in shooting the wolf, he certainly shewed very little towards his cousins. He looked at Mary, nodded his head towards the wolf's body, and saying "He's dead," shouldered his rifle, turned round and walked back to the house.

On his return, he found that the party had just come back from hauling up the punt, and were waiting the return of the Miss Percivals to go to breakfast.

"Was that you who fired just now, John?" said Martin.

"Yes," replied John.

"What did you fire at?" said Alfred.

"A wolf," replied John.

"A wolf! where?" said Mr. Campbell.

"At the cow-lodge," replied John.

"The cow-lodge!" said his father.

"Yes; killed Sancho!"

"Killed Sancho! why, Sancho was with your cousins!"

"Yes," replied John.

"Then, where did you leave them?"

"With the wolf," replied John, wiping his rifle very coolly.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Mr. Campbell, as Mrs. Campbell turned pale; and Alfred, Captain Sinclair, Martin, and Henry, seizing their rifles, darted out from the house, and ran with all speed in the direction of the cow-house.

"My poor girls!" exclaimed Mr. Campbell.

"Wolf's dead, father," said John.

"Dead! Why didn't you say so, you naughty boy?" cried Mrs. Campbell.

"I wasn't asked," replied John.

In the meantime the other party had gained the cow-house; and, to their horror, beheld the wolf and dog dead, and the two young women lying on the snow close to the two animals; for Mary had fainted away shortly after John had walked off. They rushed towards the bodies of the two girls, and soon discovered that they were not hurt. In a short time, they were recovered and were supported by the young men to the house.

As soon as they arrived, Mrs. Campbell took them into their room, that they might rally their spirits, and in a quarter of an hour returned to the party outside, who eagerly inquired how they were.

"They are much more composed," replied Mrs. Campbell; "and Emma has begun to laugh again; but her laugh is rather hysterical and forced; they will come out at dinner-time. It appears that they are indebted to John for their preservation, for they say the wolf was about to spring upon them when he came to their assistance. We ought to be very grateful to Heaven for their preservation. I had no idea, after what Martin said about the wolves, that they were so dangerous."

"Why, Ma'am, it is I that am most to blame, and that's the fact," replied Martin. "When we killed the bullock I threw the offal on the heap of snow close to the cow-lodge, meaning that the wolves and other animals might eat it at night, but it seems that this animal was hungry, and had not left his meal when the dog attacked him, and that made the beast so *rily* and savage."

"Yes; it was the fault of Martin and me," replied Alfred. "Thank Heaven it's no worse!"

"So far from its being a subject of regret, I consider it one of thankfulness," replied Mr. Campbell. "This might have happened when there was no one to assist, and our dear girls might have been torn to pieces. Now that we know the danger, we may guard against it for the future."

"Yes, Sir," replied Martin; "in future some of us will drive the cows home, to be milked every morning and evening : inside the palisade there will be no danger. Master John, you have done well. You see, Ma'am," continued Martin, "what I said has come true. A rifle in the hands of a child is as deadly a weapon as in the hands of a strong man."

"Yes; if courage and presence of mind attend its use," replied Mr. Campbell. "John, I am very much pleased with your conduct."

"Mother called me naughty," replied John, rather sulkily.

"Yes, John, I called you naughty, for not telling us the wolf was dead, and leaving us to suppose that your cousins were in danger; not for killing the wolf. Now I kiss you, and thank you for your bravery and good conduct."

"I shall tell all the officers at the fort what a gallant little fellow you are, John," said Captain Sinclair; " there are very few of them who have shot a wolf, and what is more, John, I have a beautiful dog, which one of the officers gave me the other day in exchange for a pony, and I will bring it over, and make it a present to you for your own dog. He will hunt any thing, and he is very powerful—quite able to master a wolf, if you meet with one. He is half mastiff and half Scotch deerhound, and he stands as high as this," continued Captain Sinclair, holding his hand about as high as John's shoulder.

" I'll go to the fort with you," said John, " and bring him back."

" So you shall, John, and I'll go with you," said Martin, " if Master pleases."

" Well," replied Mr. Campbell, " I think he may; what with Martin, his own rifle, and the dog, John will, I trust, be safe enough."

" Certainly, I have no objection," said Mrs.

Campbell, "and many thanks to you, Captain Sinclair."

"What's the dog's name?" said John.

"Oscar," replied Captain Sinclair. "If you let him walk out with your cousins, they need not fear a wolf. He will never be mastered by one as poor Sancho was."

"I'll lend him sometimes," replied John.

"Always; when you don't want him yourself, John."

"Yes, always," replied John, who was going out of the door.

"Where are you going, dear?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"Going to skin the wolf," replied John, walking away.

"Well, he'll be a regular keen hunter," observed Martin. "I dare say old Bone has taught him to flay an animal. However, I'll go and help him, for it's a real good skin." So saying, Martin followed John.

" Martin ought to have known better than to leave the offal where he did," observed Captain Sinclair.

" We must not be too hard, Captain Sinclair," said Alfred. " Martin has a contempt for wolves, and that wolf would not have stood his ground had it been a man instead of two young women who were in face of him. Wolves are very cunning, and I know will attack a woman or child when they will fly from a man. Besides, it is very unusual for a wolf to remain till daylight, even when there is offal to tempt him. It was the offal, the animal's extreme hunger, and the attack of the dog—a combination of circumstances—which produced the event. I do not see that Martin can be blamed, as one cannot foresee every thing."

" Perhaps not," replied Captain Sinclair, and " all's well that ends well."

“Are there any other animals to fear?” inquired Mrs. Campbell.

“The bear is now safe for the winter in the hollow of some tree or under some root, where he has made a den. It will not come out till the spring. The catamount or panther is a much more dangerous animal than the wolf; but it is scarce. I do think, however, that the young ladies should not venture out unless with some rifles in company for fear of another mischance. We have plenty of lynxes here; but I doubt if they would attack even a child, although they fight when assailed, and bite and claw severely.”

The Misses Percival now made their appearance. Emma was very merry, but Mary rather grave. Captain Sinclair, having shaken hands with them both, said—

“Why, Emma, you appear to have recovered sooner than your sister!”

"Yes," replied Emma; "but I was much more frightened than she was, and she supported me, or I should have fallen at the wolf's feet. I yielded to my fears; Mary held up against hers; so, as her exertions were much greater than mine, she has not recovered from them so soon. The fact is, Mary is brave when there is danger, and I am only brave when there is none."

"I was quite as much frightened as you, my dear Emma," said Mary Percival; "but we must now help our aunt, and get dinner ready on the table."

"I cannot say that I have a wolfish appetite this morning," replied Emma, laughing; "but Alfred will eat for me and himself too."

In a few minutes dinner was on the table, and they all sat down without waiting for Martin and John, who were still busy skinning the wolf.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"HERE come Martin and John at last," said Mr. Campbell, after they had been about a quarter of an hour at table.

But he was mistaken; instead of Martin and John, Malachi Bone made his appearance, and, to their surprise, accompanied by his young squaw, the Strawberry Plant.

Every one rose to welcome them, and the Misses Percival went to their little female acquaintance, and would have made her sit down with them, but she refused, and took her seat on the floor near the fire.

"She an't used to chairs and stools, Miss;

let her be where she is," said old Bone, "she'll be more comfortable, and that's what you want her to be, I'm sure. I brought her with me, because I could not carry all the venison myself, and also to shew her the way in and out of the house, and how it is fastened, in case of sending a message by night."

"Of sending a message by night," said Mrs. Campbell, with surprise, "why, what possible occasion could there be for that?"

Captain Sinclair and Alfred, who perceived that the old hunter had said too much, were quite at a loss what to say. They did not like to frighten Mrs. Campbell and the girls about the Indians, especially as they had just been so much alarmed with the accident of the morning. At last Alfred replied, "The fact is, my dear mother, that 'forewarned is being forearmed,' as the saying is; and I told Martin to request Malachi Bone, if he should hear of any Indians being about or near us, to let us know immediately."

"Yes, Ma'am, that is the whole story," continued Malachi. "It's the best plan, when you're in the woods always to have your rifle loaded."

Mrs. Campbell and the girls were evidently not a little fluttered at this fresh intimation of danger. Captain Sinclair perceived it, and said, "We have always spies on the look-out at the fort, that we may know where the Indians are and what they are about. Last month, we know that they held a council, but that it broke up without their coming to any determination, and that no hostile feeling was expressed so far as we could ascertain. But we never trust the Indians, and they, knowing that we watch them, have been very careful not to commit any outrages; they have not done so for a long while, nor do I think they will venture again. At the same time, we like to know where they are, and I requested Alfred to speak to Malachi Bone, to send us immediate word if he heard or saw any thing of them: not, however, that I intended that the ladies should be wakened up in the middle of the night," continued Captain Sinclair, laughing; "that was not at all necessary."

Malachi Bone would have responded, but Alfred pinched his arm; the old man understood what was meant, and held his tongue; at last he said—

"Well, well, there's no harm done, it's just as well that the Strawberry should know her way about the location, if it's only to know where the dogs are, in case she comes of a message."

"No, no," replied Mr. Campbell, "I'm glad that she is come, and hope she will come very often. Now, Malachi, sit down and eat something."

"Well, but about the Indians, Captain Sinclair,—" said Mrs. Campbell; "that you have not told us all I am certain, and the conviction that such is the case, will make me and the girls very uneasy; so pray do treat us as we ought to be treated; we share the danger, and we ought to know what the danger is."

"I do not think that there is any danger, Mrs. Campbell," replied Captain Sinclair, "unless Malachi has further information to give us. I do, however, perfectly agree with you, that you ought to know all that we know, and am quite ready to enter upon the subject, trifling as it is."

"So I presume it must be, my dear," observed Mr. Campbell, "for I have as yet known nothing about the matter. So pray, Captain Sinclair, instruct us all."

Captain Sinclair then stated what he had before mentioned to Alfred, and having so done, and pointed out that there was no occasion for alarm, he requested Malachi Bone would say if he had any further information.

"The Inguns did meet as you say, and they could not agree, so they broke up, and are now all out upon their hunting and trapping for furs. But there's one thing I don't exactly feel comfortable about, which is that the 'Angry Snake,' as he is called, who was at the 'talk,' and was mighty venomous against the English, has squatted for the winter somewhere here about."

"The Angry Snake," said Captain Sinclair. "Is that the chief who served with the French, and wears a medal?"

"The very same, Sir. He's not a chief though; he was a very good warrior in his day, and the French were very partial to him, as he served them well; but he is no chief, although he was considered as a sort of one from the consequence he obtained with the

French. He is an old man now, and a very bitter one. Many's the Englishman that he has tied to the stake, and tortured during the war. He hates us, and is always stirring up the Inguns to make war with us; but his day is gone by, and they do not heed him at the council now."

"Then, why are you uncomfortable about him?" said Mr. Campbell.

"Because he has taken up his quarters for the winter hunting not far from us, with six or seven of the young warriors, who look up to him, and he is mischievous. If the Ingun nation won't make war, he will do something on his own account, if he possibly can. He's not badly named, I can tell you."

"Will he attack you?"

"Me! no, no; he knows better. He knows my rifle well; he has the mark on his body; not but that he would if he dared, but I am Ingun myself, and know Ingun craft. Then you see, these people have strange ideas. During the whole war they never could even hit me with their rifles, and they think I am not to be hurt—that's their superstition—and my rifle, they think, never misses (they're almost right there, for it does not once in a hundred times), so what with this and that, they fear me as a supernatural, as we call it. But that's not the case with you all here; and if the Snake could creep within these palisades, he might be mischievous."

"But the tribes know very well that any attack of this kind would be considered as a declaration of hostilities," said Captain Sinclair, "and that we should retaliate."

"Yes; but you see the Snake don't belong to these tribes about us; his nation is much farther off,—too far to go for redress; and the tribes here, although they allow him to join the 'talk' as an old warrior who had served against the English and from respect to his age, do not acknowledge him or his doings. They would disavow them immediately and with truth, but they cannot prevent his doing mischief."

"What, then, is the redress in case of his doing any mischief?" said Henry.

"Why, upon him and his band, whenever you can find them. You may destroy them all, and the Inguns here won't say a word, or make any complaint. That's all that can be done; and that's what I will do; I mean to tell him so, when I meet him. He fears me, and so do his men; they think me medicine."

"Medicine! What is that?" said Henry.

"It means that he has a charmed life," replied Captain Sinclair. "The Indians are very superstitious."

"Yes, they be; well, perhaps, I'll prove medicine; and I'll give them a pill or two out of my rifle," said Malachi, with a grim smile. Howsomever, I'll soon learn more about them, and will let you know when I do. Just keep your palisade gates fast at night and the dogs inside of them, and at any time I'll give you warning. If I am on their trail the Strawberry shall come, and that's why I brought her here. If you hear three knocks outside the palisade at any hour of the night, why it will be her, so let her in."

"Well," said Mrs. Campbell, "I'm very glad that you have told me all this; now I know what we have to expect, I shall be more courageous and much more on my guard."

"I think we have done wisely in letting you know all we knew ourselves," said Captain Sinclair. "I must soon take my leave, as I must be at the fort before sunset. Martin and John are to come with me, and bring back the dog."

"An't the boy going with me?" said Malachi.

"Yes; to-morrow morning he may go, but after his return from the fort it will be too late."

"Well, then, I may as well stay here," replied Malachi. "Where is he?"

"He is gone to skin a wolf, which he shot this morning," replied Alfred. "He will soon he here."

Mrs. Campbell shortly related to Malachi the adventure of the wolf. The old hunter listened in silence, and then gave a nod of approbation.

"I reckon he'll bring home more skins than that this winter," said he.

The party then rose just as Martin and John made their appearance. Captain Sinclair conversed with the Misses Percival, while the old hunter spoke to the Strawberry Plant in her own dialect; the others either went out or were busy in clearing the table, till Captain Sinclair took his departure with John and Martin, each armed with a rifle.

"Well, this has been an exciting day," observed Mr. Campbell, a little before they retired to bed. "We have much to thank God for, and great reason to pray for his continued protection and assistance. God bless you all, my children; good night."

CHAPTER XIX

The next morning, a little after daybreak, Martin and John made their appearance, leading the magnificent dog which Captain Sinclair had given to John. Like most large dogs, Oscar appeared to be very good-tempered, and treated the snarling and angry looks of the other dogs with perfect contempt.

"It is, indeed, a noble animal," said Mr. Campbell, patting its head.

"It's a fine creature," observed Malachi, "a wolf would stand no chance against him, and even a bear would have more on its hands than it could well manage I expect; but, come here, boy," said the old hunter to John, leading the way outside of the door.

"You'd better leave the dog, John," said Malachi, "the crittur will be of use here, but of no good to us."

John made no reply, and the hunter continued—

"I say it will be of use here, for the girls might meet with another wolf, or the house might be attacked; but good hunters don't want dogs. Is it to watch for us, and give us notice of danger? Why that's our duty, and we must trust to ourselves, and not to an animal. Is it to hunt for us? Why no dog can take a deer so well as we can with our rifles; a dog may discover us when we wish to be hidden; a dog's track will mark us out when we would wish our track to be doubted. The animal will be of no utility ever to us, John, and may do us harm, 'specially now the snow's on the ground. In the summer time, you can take him and teach him how to behave as a hunter's dog should behave; but we had better leave him now, and start at once."

John nodded his head in assent, and then went in doors.

"Good-bye," said John, going up to his mother and cousins; "I shall not take the dog."

"Won't take the dog! well, that's very kind of you, John," said Mary, "for we were longing to have him to protect us."

John shouldered his rifle, made a sign to Strawberry Plant, who rose and looking kindly at Mrs. Campbell and the girls, without speaking, followed John out of the hut. Malachi certainly was not very polite, for he walked off, in company with John and the squaw, without taking the trouble to say "Good-bye." It must, however, be observed that he was in conversation with Martin, who accompanied them on the way.

The winter had now become very severe.

The thermometer was twenty degrees below the freezing point, and the cold was so intense, that every precaution was taken against it. More than once Percival, whose business it was to bring in the fire-wood, was frost bitten, but as Mrs. Campbell was very watchful, the remedy of cold snow was always successfully applied. The howling of the wolves continued every night, but they were now used to it, and the only effect was, when one came more than usually close to the house, to make Oscar raise his head, growl, listen awhile, and then lie down to sleep again. Oscar became very fond of the girls, and was their invariable companion whenever they left the house. Alfred, Martin, and Henry, went out almost daily on hunting excursions; indeed, as there were no crops in the barn, they had little else to do. Mr. Campbell remained at home with his wife and nieces; occasionally, but not very often, Percival accompanied the hunters; of Malachi and John, they saw but little; John returned about every ten days, but although he adhered to his promise, his anxiety to go back to Malachi was so very apparent, and he was so restless, that Mrs. Campbell rather wished him to be away, than remain at home so much against his will.

Thus passed away the time till the year closed in; confined as they were by the severity of the weather, and having little or nothing to do, the winter appeared longer and more tedious than it would have done if they had been settled longer, and had the crops to occupy their attention; for it is in the winter that the Canadian farmer gets through all his thrashing and other work connected with his farm, preparatory for the coming spring. This being their first winter, they had, of course, no crops gathered in, and were, therefore, in want of employment. Mrs. Campbell and her nieces worked and read, and employed themselves in every way that they could, but constantly shut up within doors, they could not help feeling the monotony and *ennui* of their situation. The young men found occupation and amusement in the chase; they brought in a variety of animals and skins, and the evenings were generally devoted to a narration of what occurred in the day during their hunting excursions, but even these histories of the chase were at last heard with indifference. It was the same theme only with variations, over and over again, and there was no longer much excitement in listening.

"I wonder when John will come back again," observed Emma to her sister, as they were sitting at work.

"Why he only left two days ago, so we must not expect him for some time."

"I know that; I wonder if Oscar would kill a wolf, I should like to take him out and try."

"I thought you had had enough of wolves already, Emma," replied Mary.

"Yes, well; that old Malachi will never bring us any more news about the Indians," continued Emma yawning.

"Why I do not think that any news about them is likely to be pleasant news, Emma, and therefore why should you wish it."

"Why, my dear Mary, because I want *some* news; I want something to excite me, I feel so dull. It's nothing but stitch, stitch, all day, and I am tired of always doing the same thing. What a horrid thing a Canadian winter is, and not one-half over yet."

"It is very dull and monotonous, my dear Emma, I admit, and if we had more variety of employment, we should find it more agreeable, but we ought to feel grateful that we have a good house over our heads, and more security than we anticipated."

"Almost too much security, Mary; I begin to feel that I could welcome an Indian even in his war-paint, just by way of a little change."

"I think you would soon repent of your wish, if it were gratified."

"Very likely, but I can't help wishing it now. When will they come home? What o'clock is it? I wonder what they'll bring, the old story I suppose, a buck; I'm sick of venison."

"Indeed, Emma, you are wrong to feel such discontent and weariness."

"Perhaps I am, but I have not walked a hundred yards for nearly one hundred days, and that will give one the blues, as they call them, and I do nothing but yawn, yawn, yawn, for want of air and exercise. Uncle wont let us move out on account of that horrid wolf. I wonder how Captain Sinclair is getting on at the fort, and whether he is as dull as we are."

"To do Emma justice, it was seldom that she indulged herself in such lamentings, but the tedium was more than her high flow of spirits could well bear. Mrs. Campbell made a point of arranging the household, which gave her occupation, and Mary from natural disposition did not feel the confinement as much as Emma did; whenever, therefore, she did shew symptoms of restlessness or was tempted to utter a complaint, they reasoned with and soothed, but never reproached her.

The day after this conversation, Emma, to amuse herself, took a rifle and went out with Percival. She fired several shots at a mark, and by degrees acquired some dexterity; gradually she became fond of the exercise, and not a day passed that she and Percival did not practise for an hour or two, until at last Emma could fire with great precision. Practice and a knowledge of the perfect use of your weapon gives confidence, and this Emma did at last acquire. She challenged Alfred and Henry to fire at the bull's-eye with her, and whether by their gallantry or her superior dexterity, she was declared victor. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell smiled when Emma came in and narrated her success, and felt glad that she had found something which afforded her amusement.

It happened that one evening the hunters were very late; it was a clear moonlight night, but at eight o'clock, they had not made their appearance; Percival had opened the door to go out for some firewood which had been piled within the palisades, and as it was later than the usual hour for locking the palisade gates, Mr. Campbell had directed him so to do. Emma, attracted by the beauty of the night, was at the door of the house, when the howl of a wolf was heard close to them; the dogs, accustomed to it, merely sprang on their feet, but did not leave the kitchen fire; Emma went out, and looked through the palisades to see if she could perceive the animal, and little Trim, the terrier, followed her. Now Trim was so small, that he could creep between the palisades, and as soon as he was close to them, perceiving the wolf, the courageous little animal squeezed through them and flew towards it, barking as loud as he could. Emma immediately ran in, took down her rifle and went out again, as she knew that poor Trim would soon be devoured. The supposition was correct, the wolf instead of retreating closed with the little dog and seized it. Emma, who could now plainly perceive the animal, which was about forty yards from her, took aim and fired, just as poor Trim gave a loud yelp. Her aim was good, and the wolf and dog lay side by side. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and Mary, hearing the report of the rifle, ran out, and found Percival and Emma at the palisades behind the house.

"I have killed him, aunt," said Emma,

"but I fear he has killed poor little Trim; do let us go out and see."

"No, no, my dear Emma, that must not be; your cousins will be home soon, and then we shall know how the case stands; but the risk is too great."

"Here they come," said Percival, "as fast as they can run."

The hunters were soon at the palisade door and admitted; they had no game with them. Emma jeered them for coming back empty handed.

"No, no, my little cousin," replied Alfred, we heard the report of a rifle, and we threw down our game, that we might sooner come to your assistance if you required it. What was the matter?"

"Only that I have killed a wolf, and am not allowed to bring in my trophy," replied Emma. "Come, Alfred, I may go with you and Martin."

They went to the spot, and found the wolf was dead, and poor Trim dead also by his side. They took in the body of the little dog, and left the wolf till the morning, when Martin said he would skin it for Miss Emma.

"And I'll make a footstool of it," said Emma; that shall be my revenge for the fright I had from the other wolf. Come, Oscar, good dog; you and I will go wolf-hunting. Dear me, who would have thought that I should have ever killed a wolf—poor little Trim!"

Martin said it would be useless to return for the venison, as the wolves had no doubt eaten it already; so they locked the palisade gate, and went into the house.

Emma's adventure was the topic of the evening, and Emma herself was much pleased at having accomplished such a feat.

"Well," said Martin, "I never knew but one woman who faced a wolf except Miss Emma."

"And who was that, Martin?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"It was a wife of one of our farmers, Ma'am; she was at the outhouse doing something, when she perceived a wolf enter the cottage-door, where there was nobody except the baby in the cradle. She ran back and found the wolf just lifting the infant out of the cradle by its clothes. The animal looked at her with his eyes flashing; but, having its mouth full, it did not choose to drop the baby, and spring at her; all it wanted was to get clear off with its prey. The woman had presence of mind enough to take down her husband's rifle and point it to the wolf, but she was so fearful of hurting the child, that she did not put the muzzle to its head, but to its shoulder. She fired just as the wolf was making off, and the animal fell, and could not get on its feet again, and it then dropped the child out of its mouth to attack the mother. The woman caught the child up, but the wolf gave her a severe bite on the arm, and broke the bone near the wrist. A wolf has a wonderful strong jaw, Ma'am. However, the baby was saved, and neighbours came and despatched the animal."

"What a fearful position for a mother to be in!" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell.

"Where did that happen?"

"On the White Mountains, Ma'am," replied Martin. "Malachi Bone told me the story; he was born there."

"Then he is an American."

"Well, Ma'am, he is an American because he was born in this country, but it was English when he was born, so he calls himself an Englishman."

"I understand," replied Mrs. Campbell, "he was born before the colonies obtained their independence."

"Yes, Ma'am, long before; there's no saying how old he is. When I was quite a child, I recollect he was then reckoned an old man; indeed, the name the Indians gave to him proves it. He then was called the 'Gray Badger.'"

"But is he so very old, do you really think, Martin?"

"I think he has seen more than sixty snows, Ma'am; but not many more; the fact is, his hair was gray before he was twenty years old; he told me so himself, and that's one reason why the Indians are so fearful of him. They have it from their fathers that the Gray Badger was a great hunter, as Malachi was more than forty years ago; so they imagine as his hair was gray then, he must have been a very old man at that time back, and so to them he appears to live for ever, and they consider him as charmed, and to use their phrase 'great *medicine*.' I've heard some Indians declare, that Malachi has seen one hundred and fifty winters, and they really believe it. I never contradicted them, as you may imagine."

"Does he live comfortably?"

"Yes, Ma'am, he does; his squaw knows what he wants, and does what she is bid. She is very fond of the old man and looks upon him, as he really is to her, as a father. His lodge is always full of meat and he has plenty of skins. He don't drink spirits, and if he has tobacco for smoking and powder and ball, what else can he want?"

"Happy are they whose wants are so few," observed Mr. Campbell. "A man in whatever position in life, if he is content, is certain to be happy. How true are the words of the poet:—

'Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long!'

Malachi Bone is a happier man than hundreds in England who live in luxury. Let us profit, my dear children, by his example, and learn to be content with what Heaven has bestowed upon us. But it is time to retire. The wind has risen, and we shall have a blustering night. Henry, fetch me the book."

CHAPTER XX.

Alfred and Martin brought in the wolf which Emma had killed, but it was frozen so hard, that they could not skin it. Poor little Trim was also carried in, but the ground was too hard frozen for them to bury the body, so they put it into the snow until the spring, when a thaw would take place. As for the wolf, they said nothing about it, but they remained up when the rest of the family retired, and after the wolf had been some time before the fire, they were able to take off the skin.

On the following morning when the hunters went out, they were particularly desired to shoot a wild turkey if they could, as the next day was Christmas-day.

"Let us take Oscar with us," said Alfred; "he is very swift and may run them down; we never can get up with them in our snow-shoes."

"I wonder whether they will get a turkey," said Emma, after the hunting party had left.

"I think it will be difficult," said Mrs. Campbell; "but they will try all they can."

"I hope they will; for Christmas-day without a turkey will be very un-English."

"We are not in England, my dear Emma," said Mr. Campbell; "and wild turkeys are not to be ordered from the poulterers."

"I know that we are not in England, my dear uncle, and I feel it too. How was the day before every Christmas-day spent at Wexton Hall! What piles of warm blankets, what a quantity of duffil cloaks, flannels, and worsted stockings were we all so busy and so happy in preparing and sorting to give away on the following morning, that all within miles of us should be warmly clothed on that day. And, then, the housekeeper's room with all the joints of meat, and flour and plums and suet, in proportion to the number of each family, all laid out and ticketed ready for distribution. And then the party invited to the servants' hall, and the great dinner, and the new clothing for the school-girls, and the church so gay, with their new dresses in the aisles, and the holly and the mistletoe. I know we are not in England, my dear uncle, and that you have lost one of your greatest pleasures—that of doing good and making all happy around you."

"Well, my dear Emma, if I have lost the pleasure of doing good, it is the will of Heaven that it should be so, and we ought to be thankful that, if not dispensing charity, at all events, we are not the objects of charity to others; that we are independent and earning an honest livelihood. People may be very happy and feel the most devout gratitude on the anniversary of so great a mercy, without having a turkey for dinner."

"I was not in earnest about the turkey, my dear uncle. It was the association of ideas connected by long habit, which made me think of our Christmas times at Wexton Hall; but, indeed, my dear uncle, if there was regret, it was not for myself so much as for you," replied Emma, with tears in her eyes.

"Perhaps, I spoke rather too severely, my dearest Emma," said Mr. Campbell; "but I did not like to hear such a solemn day spoken of as if it were commemorated merely by the eating of certain food."

"It was foolish of me," replied Emma, "and it was said thoughtlessly."

Emma went up to Mr. Campbell and kissed him, and Mr. Campbell said, "Well, I hope there will be a turkey, since you wish for one."

The hunters did not return till late, and when they appeared in sight, Percival, who had descried them, came in and said that they were very well loaded, and were bringing in their game slung upon a pole.

Mary and Emma went out of the door to meet their cousins. That there was a heavy load carried on a pole between Martin and Alfred was certain, but they could not distinguish what it consisted of. As the party arrived at the palisade gates, however, they discovered that it was not game, but a human being, who was carried on a sort of litter made of boughs.

"What is it, Alfred?" said Mary.

"Wait till I recover my breath," said Alfred, as he reached the door, "or ask Henry, for I'm quite knocked up."

Henry then went with his cousins into the house, and explained to them that as they were in pursuit of the wild turkeys, Oscar had stopped suddenly and commenced baying; that they went up to the dog, and, in a bush, they found a poor Indian woman nearly frozen to death, and with a dislocation of the ancle, so severe that her leg was terribly swelled, and she could not move. Martin had spoken to her in the Indian tongue, and she was so exhausted with cold and hunger, that she could just tell him that she belonged to a small party of Indians who had been some days out hunting, and a long way from where they had built their winter lodges; that she had fallen with the weight which she had to carry, and that her leg was so bad, she could not go on with them; that they had taken her burden, and left her to follow them when she could.

"Yes," continued Alfred; "left the poor creature without food, to perish in the snow. One day more, and it would have been all over with her. It is wonderful how she can have lived through the two last nights as she has. But Martin says the Indians always do leave a woman to perish in this way or recover as she can, if she happens to meet with an accident."

"At all events, let us bring her in at once," said Mr. Campbell. "I will first see if my surgical assistance can be of use, and after that we will do what we can for her. How far from this did you find her?"

"About eight miles," replied Henry; "and Alfred has carried her almost the whole way; Martin and I have relieved each other, except once, when I took Alfred's place."

"And so you perceive, Emma, instead of a wild turkey, I have brought an Indian squaw," said Alfred.

"I love you better for your kindness, Alfred," replied Emma, "than if you had brought me a waggon-load of turkeys."

In the meantime, Martin and Henry brought in the poor Indian, and laid her down on the floor at some distance from the fire, for though she was nearly dead with the cold, too sudden an exposure to heat would have been almost equally fatal. Mr. Campbell examined her ancle, and with a little assistance reduced the dislocation. He then bound up her leg, and bathed it with warm vinegar, as a first application. Mrs. Campbell and the two girls chafed the poor creature's limbs till the circulation was a little restorèd, and then they gave her something warm to drink. It was proposed by Mrs. Campbell that they should make up a bed for her on the floor of the kitchen. This was done in a corner near to the fire-place, and in about an hour their patient fell into a sound sleep.

"It is lucky for her that she did not fall into that sleep before we found her," said Martin; "she would never have awoke again."

"Most certainly not," replied Mr. Campbell. "Have you any idea what tribe she is of, Martin?"

"Yes, Sir; she is one of the Chippeways; there are many divisions of them, but I will find out when she wakes again to which she belongs; she was too much exhausted when we found her, to say much."

"It appears very inhuman leaving her to perish in that way," observed Mrs. Campbell.

"Well, Ma'am, so it does; but necessity has no law. The Indians could not, if they would, have carried her, perhaps, one hundred miles. It would have, probably, been the occasion of more deaths, for the cold is too great now for sleeping out at nights for any time, although they do contrive with the help of a large fire to stay out sometimes."

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature, certainly," observed Mr. Campbell; "but, if I recollect right, the savages do not value the life of a woman very highly."

"That's a fact, Sir," replied Martin; "not much more, I reckon, than you would a beast of burden."

"It is always the case among savage nations," observed Mr. Campbell; "the first mark of civilization is the treatment of the other sex, and in proportion as civilization increases, so are the women protected and well used. But your supper is ready, my children, and I think after your fatigue and fasting you must require it."

"I am almost too tired to eat," observed Alfred. "I shall infinitely more enjoy a good sleep under my bear skins. At the same time

I'll try what I can do," continued he, laughing, and taking his seat at table.

Notwithstanding Alfred's observation, he contrived to make a very hearty supper, and Emma laughed at his appetite after his professing that he had so little inclination to eat.

"I said I was too tired to eat, Emma, and so I felt at the time; but as I became more refreshed my appetite returned," replied Alfred, laughing, "and notwithstanding your jeering me, I mean to eat some more."

"How long has John been away?" said Mr. Campbell.

"Now nearly a fortnight," observed Mrs. Campbell; "he promised to come here on Christmas-day. I suppose we shall see him to-morrow morning."

"Yes, Ma'am; and old Bone will come with him, I dare say. He said as much to me when he was going away the last time. He observed that the boy could not bring the venison, and perhaps *he* would if he had any, for he knows that people like plenty of meat on Christmas-day."

"I wonder whether old Malachi is any way religious," observed Mary. "Do you think he is, Martin?"

"Yes, Ma'am; I think he feels it, but does not shew it. I know from myself what are, probably, his feelings on the subject. When I have been away for weeks and sometimes for months, without seeing or speaking to any one, all alone in the woods, I feel more religious than I do when at Quebec on my return, although I do go to church. Now old Malachi has, I think, a solemn reverence for the Divine Being, and strict notions of duty, so far as he understands it,—but as he never goes to any town or mixes with any company, so the rites of religion, as I may call them, and the observances of the holy feasts, are lost to him, except as a sort of dream of former days, before he took to his hunter's life. Indeed, he seldom knows what day or even what month it is. He knows the seasons as they come and go, and that's all. One day is the same as another, and he cannot tell which is Sunday, for he is not able to keep a reckoning. Now, Ma'am, when you desired Master John to be at home on the Friday fortnight because it was Christmas-day, I perceived old Malachi in deep thought: he was recalling to mind what Christmas-day was; if you had not mentioned it, the day would have passed away like any other; but you reminded him, and then it was that he said he would come if he could. I'm sure that now he knows it is Christmas-day, he intends to keep it as such."

"There is much truth in what Martin says," observed Mr. Campbell; "we require the seventh day in the week and other stated seasons of devotion to be regularly set apart, in order to keep us in mind of our duties and preserve the life of religion. In the woods, remote from communion with other Christians, these things are easily forgotten, and when once we have lost our calculation, it is not to be recovered. But come, Alfred, and Henry, and Martin must be very tired, and we had better all go to bed. I will sit up a little while to give some drink to my patient, if she wishes it. Good night, my children."

CHAPTER XXI.

Christmas-day was indeed a change, as Emma had observed, from their former Christmas; but although the frost was more than usually severe, and the snow filled the air with its white flakes, and the north-east wind howled through the leafless trees as they rasped their long arms against each other, and the lake was one sheet of thick ice, with a covering of snow which the wind had in different places blown up into hillocks, still they had a good roof over their heads, and a warm, blazing fire on the hearth: and they had no domestic miseries, the worst miseries of all to contend against, for they were a united family, loving and beloved; shewing mutual acts of kindness and mutual acts of forbearance; proving how much better was "a dish of herbs where love is, than the stalled ox with hatred therewith." Moreover, they were all piously disposed; they were sensible that they owed a large debt of gratitude to Heaven for all its daily mercies in providing them with food and raiment, for warding off from them sickness and sorrow, and giving them humble and contented hearts; and on this day, they felt how little were all worldly considerations, compared with the hopes which were held out to them through the great sacrifice which the goodness and mercy of God had made for them and all the world. It was therefore, with cheerful yet subdued looks that they greeted each other when they met previous to the morning prayers.

Mr. Campbell had already visited his patient and readjusted the bandage: her ancle was better, but still very much swelled; the poor creature made no complaints, she looked grateful for what was done and for the kindness shewn to her. They were all arrayed in their best Sunday dresses, and as soon as prayers were over, had just wished each other the congratulations so general, so appropriate, and yet too often so thoughtlessly given upon the anniversary, when Malachi Bone, his little squaw the Strawberry, and John, entered the door of the hut, laden with the sports of the forest, which they laid down in the corner of the kitchen, and then saluted the party.

"Here we are all together on Christmas day," said Emma, who had taken the hand of the Strawberry.

The Indian girl smiled, and nodded her head.

"And, John, you have brought us three wild turkeys; you are a good boy, John," continued Emma.

"If we only had Captain Sinclair here now," said Martin to Emma and Mary Percival, who was by Emma's side, shaking hands with the Strawberry.

Mary coloured up a little, and Emma replied, "Yes, Martin, we do want him, for I always feel as if he belonged to the family."

"Well, it's not his fault that he's not here," replied Martin; "it's now more than six weeks since he has left, and if the colonel would allow him, I'm sure that Captain Sinclair——"

"Would be here on this day," said Captain Sinclair, who with Mr. Gwynne, his former companion, had entered the door of the house without being observed; for the rest of the party were in conversation with Malachi Bone and John.

"Oh, how glad I am to see you," cried Emma; "we only wanted you to make our Christmas party complete; and I'm very glad to see you too, Mr. Gwynne," continued Emma, as she held out a hand to each.

"We had some difficulty in persuading the Colonel to let us come," observed Captain Sinclair to Mary; "but as we have heard nothing further about the Indians, he consented."

"You have nothing more to fear from the Indians this winter, Captain, and you may tell the Colonel so from me," said Malachi. "I happened to be on their hunting ground yesterday, and they have broken up and gone westward, that is, Angry Snake and his party have; I followed their track over the snow for a few miles just to make sure; they have taken every thing with them, but somehow or other, I could not find out that the squaw was with them,—and they had one in their party. They carried their own packs of fur, that I'll swear to, and they had been thrown down several times; which would not have been the case, if they had not been carried by men; for you see, the Ingun is very impatient under a load, which a squaw will carry the whole day without complaining. Now that party is gone, there is no other about here within fifty miles, I'll be bound for."

"I'm very glad to hear you say so," replied Captain Sinclair.

"Then, perhaps, this poor woman whom you succoured, Alfred, is the squaw belonging to the party," observed Mr. Campbell. Mr. Campbell then related to Malachi Bone what had occurred on the day before; how the hunting party had brought home the woman, whom he pointed to in the corner, where she had remained unnoticed by the visitors.

Malachi and the Strawberry went up to her; the Strawberry spoke to her in the Indian tongue in a low voice, and the woman replied in the same, while Malachi stood over them and listened.

"It's just as you thought, Sir; she belongs to the Angry Snake, and she says that he has gone with his party to the westward, as the beaver were very scarce down here; I could have told him that. She confirms my statement, that all the Indians are gone, but are to meet at the same place in the spring, to hold a council."

"Is she of the same tribe as the Strawberry?" inquired Henry.

"That's as may be," replied Malachi; "I hardly know which tribe the Strawberry belongs to."

"But they speak the same language."

"Yes; but the Strawberry learnt the tongue from me," replied Malachi.

"From you," said Mrs. Campbell; "how was that?"

"Why, Ma'am, it's about thirteen or fourteen years back, that I happened to come in upon a skirmish which took place on one of the small lakes between one of the tribes here and a war party of Hurons who were out. They were surprised by the Hurons, and every soul, as far as I could learn, was either scalped or carried away prisoner. The Hurons had gone about an hour or two, when I came up to the place where they fought, and I sat down looking at the dead bodies, and thinking to myself what creatures men were to deface God's image in that way, when I saw under a bush two little sharp eyes looking at me; at first, I thought it was some beast, a lynx, mayhap, as they now call them, and I pointed my rifle towards it; but before I pulled the trigger, I thought that perhaps, I might be mistaken, so I walked up to the bush, and there I discovered that it was an Indian child, which had escaped the massacre by hiding itself in the bush. I pulled it out; it was a girl about two years old, who could speak but a few words. I took her home to my lodge, and have had her with me ever since, so I don't exactly know what tribe she belongs to, as they all speak the same tongue. I called her "the Strawberry," because I found her under a bush close to the ground, and among strawberry plants which were growing there."

"And then you married her," said Percival.

"Married her! no, boy, I never married her; what has an old man of near seventy to do with marrying. They call her my squaw, because they suppose she is my wife, and she does the duty of a wife to me; but if they were to call her my daughter, they would be nearer the mark, for I have been a father to her."

"Well, Malachi, to tell you the truth, I did think that she was too young to be your wife," said Emma.

"Well, Miss, you were not far wrong," replied the old man. "I do wish I could find out her tribe, but I never have been able, and indeed, from what I can learn, the party who were surprised came a long way from this, although speaking the same language; and I don't think there is any chance now, for even if I were to try to discover it, there have been so many surprises and so much slaughter within these last twenty years, that it's scarcely possible the search would be attended with success."

"But why do you wish to find out her tribe?" said Mary.

"Because I'm an old man, Miss, and must soon expect to be gathered to my fathers, and then this poor little girl will be quite alone, unless I can marry her to some one before I die: and if I do marry her, why then she will leave *me* alone; but that can't be helped, I'm an old man, and what does it matter."

"It matters a great deal, Malachi," said Mr. Campbell; "I wish you would live with us; you would then be taken care of if you required it, and not die alone in the wilderness."

"And the Strawberry shall never want friends or a home, while we can offer her one, Malachi," said Mrs. Campbell; "let what will happen to you, she will be welcome to live here and die here, if she will remain."

Malachi made no reply; he was in deep thought, resting his chin upon his hands which held his rifle before him. Mrs. Campbell and the girls were obliged to leave to prepare the dinner. John had sat down with the Strawberry and the Indian woman, and was listening to them, for he now understood the Chippeway tongue. Alfred, Sinclair, and the other gentlemen of the party, were in conversation near the fire, when they were requested by Mrs. Campbell to retreat to the sitting-room, that the culinary operations might not be interfered with. Malachi Bone still continued sitting where he was, in deep thought. Martin, who remained, said to the Miss Percivals in a low voice—

"Well, I really did think that the old man had married the girl, and I thought it was a pity," continued he, looking towards the Strawberry, "for she is very young and very handsome for a squaw."

"I think," replied Mary Percival, "she would be considered handsome every where, Martin, squaw or not; her features are very pretty, and then she has a melancholy smile, which is perfectly beautiful; but now, Martin, pluck these turkeys, or we shall not have them ready in time."

As soon as the dinner was at the fire, and could be left to the care of Martin, Mrs. Campbell and the Misses Percival went into the sitting-room. Mr. Campbell then read the morning service of the day, Henry officiating as clerk in the responses. Old Malachi had joined the party, and was profoundly attentive. As soon as the service was over, he said—

"All this puts me in mind of days long past, days which appear to me as a dream, when I was a lad and had a father and a mother, and brothers and sisters around me; but many summers and many winters have passed over my head since then."

"You were born in Maine, Malachi, were you not?"

"Yes, Ma'am, half way up the White Mountains. He was a stern old man, my father; but he was a righteous man. I remember how holy Sunday was kept in our family; how my mother cleaned us all, and put on our best clothes, and how we went to the chapel or church, I forget which they called it; but no matter, we went to pray."

"Was your father of the Established Church, Malachi?"

"I can't tell, Ma'am; indeed, I hardly know what it means; but he was a good Christian and a good man, that I do know."

"You are right, Malachi; when the population is crowded, you find people divided into sects, and, what is still worse, despising, if not hating each other, because the outward forms of worship are a little different. Here in our isolated position, we feel how trifling are many of the distinctions which divide religious communities, and that we could gladly give the right hand of fellowship to any denomination of Christians who hold the main truths of the Gospel. Are not all such agreed in things essential, animated with the same hopes, acknowledging the same rule of faith, and all comprehended in the same divine mercy which was shewn us on this day? What do all sincere Christians believe but that God is holy, great, good, and merciful, that his Son died for us all, and that through his merits and intercession if we conform to his precepts—whether members of the Church of England, or any other communion—we shall be saved and obtain the blessedness of heaven? We may prefer, and reasonably prefer, our own mode of worship, believing it to be most edifying; but we have no right to quarrel with those who conscientiously differ from us about outward forms and ceremonies which do not involve the spirit of Christianity."

After a pause, Mary Percival said, "Malachi, tell us more about your father and your family."

"I have little to tell, Miss; only that I now think that those were pleasant days which then I thought irksome. My father had a large farm and would have had us all remain with him. In the winter we felled timber, and I took quite a passion for a hunter's life; but my father would not allow me to go from home, so I staid till he died, and then I went away on my rambles. I left when I was not twenty years old, and I have never seen my family since. I have been a hunter and a trapper, a guide and a soldier, and an interpreter; but for these last twenty-five years I have been away from towns and cities, and have lived altogether in the woods. The more man lives by himself, the more he likes it, and yet now and then circumstances bring up the days of his youth, and makes him hesitate whether it be best or not to live alone."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Malachi," said Mr. Campbell.

"I little thought that I should ever have said it," replied the old man, "when I first saw that girl by the side of the stream (looking at Emma),—then my heart yearned towards the boy; and now this meeting to praise God and to keep Christmas-day—all has helped."

"But do you not pray when you are alone?" said Mary.

"Yes, in a manner, Miss; but it's not like your prayers; the lips don't move, although the heart feels. When I lie under a tree watching for the animals, and I take up a leaf and examine it, I observe how curious and wonderful it is,—I then think that God made it, and that man could not. When I see the young grass springing up, and *how*, I know not, except that it does so every year, I think of God and his mercy to the wild animals in giving them food; and then the sun reminds me of God; and the moon, and the stars, as I watch, make me think of him; but I feel very often that there is something wanting, and that I do not worship exactly as I ought to do. I never have known which is Sunday, although I well recollected how holy it was kept at my father's house; and I never should have known that this was Christmas-day, had it not been that I had met with you. All days are alike to a man that is alone and in the wilderness, and that should not be—I feel that it should not."

"So true is it," observed Mr. Campbell, "that stated times and seasons are necessary for the due observance of our religious duties;

and I am glad to hear Malachi say this, as I trust it will occasion his being with us more than he has been."

"Come to us every Sunday, Malachi," said Mrs. Campbell.

"I think I will, Ma'am, if I can—indeed, why I say *if I can,* I know not; it was wrong to say so."

"I wish you to come not only on your own account, but for John's sake; suppose you agree to come every Sunday morning, and leave us every Monday. You will then have the whole week for your hunting."

"Please God, I will," replied Malachi.

"And bring the Strawberry with you," said Mary.

"I will, Miss; it cannot but do her good."

Dinner was now announced, and they all sat down; a happy party. Mr. Campbell on this occasion produced two or three bottles of his small store of wine, which he kept rather in case of illness than for any other reason, for they had all been so long without wine or spirits, that they cared little about it. Their dinner consisted of white fish (salted), roast venison, boiled salt beef, roast turkey, and a plum-pudding, and they were all very merry, although they were in the woods of Canada, and not at Wexton Hall.

"My children," said Mr. Campbell, after dinner, "I now drink all your healths, and wish you as much happiness as the world affords, and at the same time accept my most hearty thanks and my dearest love. You have all been good, obedient, and cheerful, and have lightened many a heavy load. If when it pleased Providence to send us into this wilderness, it had been part of my lot to contend with wilful and disobedient children; if there had been murmuring and repining at our trials; discontent and quarrelling among yourselves, how much more painful would have been our situation. On the contrary, by your good-humour and attention, your willing submission to privations, and your affectionate conduct towards me, my wife, and each other, you have not allowed us to feel the change of position to which we have been reduced. I say again, my dear children all, you have my thanks, and may the Almighty bless and preserve you!"

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